

The Academy and Literature.

No. 1606. Established 1869.

London: 14 February 1903.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

THE LITERARY WEEK 143

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The Literary Week.

THE outstanding publication of the week has been Mr. Myers's posthumous work, "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death," to which we referred in our last issue. Probably no book of recent times has exacted such careful reading and reflection as these thirteen hundred pages, yet promptly on the day of publication appeared the reviews. One editor, however, makes the candid statement that he has not had time to read "the two bulky volumes." He proceeds however to remark that "a friend of ours who has done so declares that the work scientifically and conclusively establishes to his mind the continuity of human existence after death." Among other books of the week we note the following:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORTY YEARS' SERVICE. By Major-General Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch.

Dedicated to "the Backbone of the British Army, the Company Officers." Major-General Tulloch's active service took him to Central India, China, Canada, and half-a-dozen other countries. The narrative is simple and entirely unaffected, such writing as we usually get from soldiers. The chapters devoted to Tel-el-Kebir and South Africa are particularly interesting. In his preface the author says: "I hope my attempts at literary work may be of some use to those who take an interest in Army matters, and instructive to young officers, who will be able to see how very far they have advanced in professional knowledge, as compared with what we were half a century ago, when a correct march past in slow and quick time, and the performance of curious kaleidoscopic drill movements inside a barrack square, were about all that was considered necessary."

AUGUSTUS. By E. S. Shuckburgh.

The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire. " . . . Augustus was the most successful ruler known to us. He found his world, as it seemed, on the verge of complete collapse. He evoked order out of chaos. . . ." Mr. Shuckburgh has made no attempt to whitewash the character of Augustus; but he tries to set his unquestioned cruelty up to B.C. 31 in a reasonable

light. The narrative is based on a wide range of authorities, and the early years of Augustus are very fully treated. The volume is illustrated by photographs of coins and sculpture.

THE STUARTS. By J. J. Foster.

These two sumptuous volumes, both in regard to the printing of the text and the illustrations, are quite an achievement. They illustrate the personal history of the Stuart family in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. So far as the author, Mr. J. J. Foster, is aware, it has not hitherto been attempted to depict the Stuarts in one work. He has brought together a succession of portraits, relics, medals, maps and views relating to the persons, the adventures, and the surroundings of the chief members of this family, the story of whose fortunes has all "the perennial freshness of a fairy tale."

AS WE ARE AND AS WE MAY BE. By Walter Besant.

A collection of essays on such varied subjects as "The Endowment of the Daughter," "The People's Palace," "The Upward Pressure," "The Land of Romance." In a foreword we read: "'As We Are and As We May Be' is the exposition of a practical philanthropist's creed, and of his hopes for the progress of his fellow-countrymen. Some of these hopes may never be realised; some he had the happiness to see bear fruit." "The Land of Romance" concludes with this characteristic passage concerning the author's firm belief in a final union between England and America: "But it will come—it will come; it must come—it must come; Asia and Europe may become Chinese or Cossack, but our people shall rule over every other land, and all the islands, and every sea."

In view of the many erroneous statements that have recently appeared in various quarters, Mr. Robertson-Durham, the judicial factor on the estate of the late George Douglas Brown, authorises us to say that Mr. Brown left behind him some MSS. which the judicial factor has placed in the hands of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, who, with other friends of Mr. Brown, is preparing for the press a volume of his writings to which an authorised memoir will be prefixed.

THIS has been a week of obituaries. Three distinguished names—distinguished in very different ways—have been erased from the roll of the living: Prof. Cowell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Edna Lyall. Prof. Cowell was one of the many men of whom our universities are honourably proud; he did his work to the utmost of his power, and devoted his gifts to helping younger men. When he became Professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge active steps were at once taken to promote an intelligent study of Oriental languages. First came the Semitic Languages Tripos in 1878; then, in 1893, the Indian Languages Tripos, and in 1895 the Oriental Languages Tripos. He gave Edward Fitzgerald Spanish lessons by way of the plays of Calderon, and it was he who brought to England the manuscript of the "Rubaiyat" and translated it to the wise Woodbridge recluse. In thinking of Fitzgerald's immortal rendering of Omar, Cowell's name should never be forgotten.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY was a man of a very different type; his enthusiasms took shape in action. At first he was associated with that spirited revolutionary party known as the Young Ireland Party, and he, with Thomas Davis and John Blake Dillon, founded the "Nation." The influence of the "Nation" was remarkable; to-day its files would hardly, perhaps, be worth consulting, save for the verse which was printed in its columns. Finally the "Nation" was suppressed and Duffy was tried three times for treason-felony. But on each occasion the jury disagreed, and after ten months waiting in gaol the young enthusiast was released. In 1849 he revived the "Nation," and exploited a more conciliatory policy. But soon he came to see Ireland, in his own phrase, "like a corpse on the dissecting table," and he left her for the Colony of Victoria. There he almost immediately became a political force, and finally was Speaker of the Assembly. That he accepted a knighthood from a Government which he had flouted was one of the trifling inconsistencies to which the general character of patriot is subject. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote on many subjects, and always with a certain grip and enthusiasm. Perhaps his "Conversations with Carlyle" (whom he knew intimately) and "My Life in Two Hemispheres" are the books by which he will chiefly be remembered. But the romance of his life is associated with those early days of futile effort in the service of what we now see to have been a hopeless cause.

By the death of Miss Ada Ellen Bayly, the "Edna Lyall" of many title-pages, we have lost a writer who at least had earnestness and a reasonably healthy outlook. As literature her books had no great value; they were diffuse and marked by no strong characterization. Yet "Edna Lyall" had the narrative faculty, and her stories have a freshness which is not so common that we can afford to pass it too lightly by. The problems of "Donovan" were just such problems as cannot be treated in fiction with much actuality; at the same time their appeal is so wide that books dealing with them are almost sure to be read. The details of Miss Bayly's life give no particular points for comment: she had the usual ups and downs of the literary career, and when "We Two" was published its success came as the usual surprise. Miss Bayly did her best honestly; she interested many thousands of readers and did none of them any harm, which, after all, is a record of which any writer might be proud.

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS contributes to a new translation of certain short stories by Prosper Mérimée, entitled "The Abbé Aubain," an interesting critical introduction. "Mérimée's temperament," he says, "was really that of the

scholar, not of the artist, and even his art came to him as a kind of scholarship." He attempted many things for the sake of proving to himself that he could do them. He began his career "by two very serious mystifications, 'Le Théâtre de Clara Gazul,' a collection of short plays supposed to be translated from the Spanish, and 'La Guzla,' a collection of ballads in prose supposed to be translated from the Illyrian." From that he proceeded by way of a piece in dialogue to the "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.," which Mr. Symons calls "the most perfect of historical novels." Then, looking for more difficulties to conquer, he chanced upon the short story, concerning his treatment of which Mr. Symons writes:—

He has, above all things, a mastery over effect; and he has none of those preoccupations of the poet, of the thinker, or of the "inspired" writer, which so often come to shake the equilibrium of that to which they add a heavy and toppling burden of splendour. . . . He is interested in his characters only as they come into the light of a crisis; they live for him only in that moment; all the rest is so much detail, so much psychology in the abstract, with which he has nothing to do. Maupassant was to follow him, while thinking that he followed Flaubert, in this rigorous art of cutting your coat to your cloth.

In her Introduction to the "Poems of Robert Browning" in the "Red Letter Library," Mrs. Meynell says:—

A young writer should begin with the study of that one sublime poem, "Saul," and, after giving more or less time to the ingenuities, the energies, and the complexities of the rest, he should go to the reading of "Saul" again. There is in this glorious work a difference in the quality as well as in the degree of poetry. Lofty thoughts there are elsewhere, as in Abt Vogler . . . but "Saul" has the ecstasy of the yonder side, the ecstasy that is beyond imagery and thought, and yet is the nearest thing in the world and the closest to the soul. After the spiritual, intellectual, and natural greatness of "Saul," come the ingenious wisdom of "One Word More"; the simple passion of "Love Among the Ruins," and the "integrity and fire" in others of the love-poems, especially when a woman is supposed to speak; the very subtle eyesight of "By the Fireside," and indeed the fine sense of place that appears in nearly all the poems on Italy; all these are the work of a man of genius, and intelligible to plain and young people.

Let those readers who may think Mr. Meynell's enthusiasm for "Saul" exaggerated turn to the poem again, and we think they will admit that she is right.

A VERSE pamphlet—it is hardly more—by Mr. Yone Noguchi, has lately reached us. The publication is remarkable in one way at least—it is the first book of verse published by a Japanese in England. The title "From the Eastern Sea" faces us from a modest cover of brown paper, and the text is also printed upon brown paper. The dedication to Charles Warren Stoddard runs as follows:—

Night! The spirit of resignation homes in the night. We eloping from the vile land, ask a lodging unto the master of solitude.

O wind! Death-messages from God are sent unto flowers and leaves. Ah, the autumn with frosty teeth tells her fate as a deserted wife!

Stillness! All the mortals send their dream-ships heavenward on the tide of sleep. Thou and I, O Charles, sit alone like two sky stars, east and west.

Mr. Noguchi's verse is not great, but it is certainly interesting. Occasionally it has real suggestion and mystery: on the other hand, it sometimes seems to decline into formlessness both of thought and expression. This has imagination:—

When I am lost in the deep body of the mist on a hill,
The universe seems built with me as its pillar.

Am I the God upon the face of the deep, nay, deepless
deepness in the beginning?

Here, too, we have a kind of groping imagination, but the expression is vague and formless:—

World of fancy! O new earth!
There mortals dream in the fog of ecstasy.
What a strange amity of earth!
What am I? Mortal? or God?
Oh, where go I? Farewell, my comrade!
O world of evening foes!
There playful Fancy beguiles away
The memory of a better day,
From my breast,
Into a dale of Forgetfulness.

The experiments of Mr. Noguchi's are at any rate curious and sometimes suggestive.

MISS MARIE CORELLI has been protesting against the modernizing of Stratford-on-Avon, by the erection of "a brand new 'Carnegie Free Library' next to Shakespeare's birthplace." Miss Corelli says that "the Stratford townspeople are by no means over-anxious to possess a free library at all," and that if money is to be spent, they would prefer to have it go towards restoring some of their fifteenth century carved house-fronts. We sympathize with Miss Corelli and the Stratford townspeople. Why cannot books be housed simply and unostentatiously? It would seem that florid architecture and reading are coming to be associated in some inexplicable way.

THE first number of Mr. G. R. Sims's comprehensively-named "Men and Women" was issued this week. The paper has a popular air. It opens with personal paragraphs and proceeds to discuss people and topical matters of various kinds. Mr. Sims's "Subject of the Day" is "Are we too sentimental?" On the whole Mr. Sims seems to think that we are, and he ought to know. "The danger is that sentiment may get the better of common sense," he writes. That is a very real danger, and we hope "Men and Women" will be on the right side in the matter.

ONCE more the writer of "Literature and Life" in the "Saturday Review" of the "New York American" delights us. We read:—

Watteau captivates London entirely. His paintings shown at Hertford House make him actual. There is nothing ancient. Everything that exists is modern—a statue by Phidias, as well as a dispatch by Marconi, Homer more than Stephen Phillips. What is news in London? Watteau.

We who live in London like to hear the latest news of our city when it comes by way of New York.

THE Chicago "Goose-Quill" has a manner of its own. This is how its reviewing is done:—

Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan, a Chicago newspaper-woman who once wrote a fearful and wonderful jingle, in which the reader was invoked "to shake hands with Old Glory" [how the deuce does one "shake hands with Old Glory"?] has just perpetrated a slushmushgush novelette entitled "The Kiss of Glory." Concerning it Miss Dorothy Dix, a lutescent she-writer who most unblushingly filches George Ade's "thunder," comments thusly: "The Kiss of Glory" has fancy, poetry, blood and passion in it, and, compared with the recent crop of domestic fiction, it is like a strange, vivid, tropical bird, fluttered down in the midst of barnyard fowls." Dorothy should practice until she is a mistress of—the gentle art of holding on to her tongue with both hands. "The Kiss of Glory" does not in the least resemble "a strange, vivid, tropical bird." It does, however, resemble a dead dog in an alley, or a pussy-cat (with a stone tied round its neck) lying in a pool of stagnant water.

THE Philadelphia "Conservator" prints a collect each month which runs to about five columns of that journal. The latest that we have seen is all about progress, and it opens thus:—

You cry progress, progress. But what do you mean by progress? Early and late the modern voice chants the praise of progress. Colleges are professed for progress. Churches are priested for progress. The state legislates for progress. We murder for progress. We imperialise for progress. We vaccinate for progress. We vivisect for progress. Whatever we do we do for progress. And that which we fail to do we fail to do for progress. Nothing is too good for progress. Nothing is too bad for progress. You take everything you have and give it to the poor. That you do for progress. You seize everything in sight and salt it down in good securities. That you do for progress. You sing for two thousand a night for progress. You paint for so many dollars a square inch for progress. You pull my leg for progress. You are holy as God for progress.

Five columns of this staccato writing is too much for us. Even the modern collect should have its limitations.

THE "Atlantic Monthly" prints a buoyant article on "The Literary Pilgrimage." Authors, says the writer, will for ever go a-pilgriming:—

An eternal type is this roadster of letters, successively reincarnated and with such singular persistence that thence comes a far from incurious question: to find out what aim bids the sensitive author run hazards so dire. I note many aims, each good in itself,—or if not good, then at least serviceable and worthy of sympathetic consideration. See: they are these,—the love of truth, the love of art, the love of right, the love of men, the love of self. And however glib the scribe's plea that he serves but one lord, I must answer he serves all five; however distinctly he announces himself as this or that and none other, I nevertheless declare him five fellows at once. He is scientist, poet, preacher, philanthropist, and blatant self-trumpeter.

Thus, with his staff in hand, the literary pilgrim takes the road; he sees villages, towns, the broad country, the intricate alleys, and in all circumstances he observes men and things. Yet his life is not all joyous:—

The life is the life of the vagrant. For a thousand friends you have not one intimate. In a hundred cities men shout at you cheerily. "Why, man alive! where ever did you drop from?"—and then suggest birds and bottles, yes and pay for them! but the old friends,—the tried, faithful; time-tested, long-loved comrades and yoke-fellows,—these the literary seven-league-booter doesn't have and can't get. Nobody calls him by his first name. There are no babies named for him, and if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars, I don't know whose door he'd knock at.

And at the end comes weariness; the "world-strangeness wears dull." Yet it was worth while, for at the end the pilgrim says:—

"I have fought a good joust, said my say, tried with what grace there was in me to interpret the world movement, and so to accelerate it." And when the din of the fray is stilled forever, and the last weapons laid down, and the troopers themselves put to rest and he with them, there will yet remain his testimony of whatever he saw and heard in the world,—a record of which history will one day make use; for he in his time did portray with candid, fearless truth the life men lived, the thoughts they thought, and the works they laid hand to.

A WRITER in "The Oxford Point of View" has discovered in Mr. Barrie "our English Molière." "We believe," he says, "that Britain has again found a native genius suited *par excellence* to her peculiar temperament." Mr. Barrie will no doubt feel complimented, and perhaps a little embarrassed. We had not thought of him in connection with Molière.

WE have received a circular concerning a certain book whose author is doing his own publishing. He is not at all modest about his work, which describes certain things, we are told, "in a style more fascinating than a novel, and certainly more enduring." Subscribers are warned that the bookseller will not have anything to do with this work, and that no free copies will be issued. Then we have a story about Lowell and the lady who reproached him for not sending her a copy of his last book. "I could not afford it," said Lowell. "If my friends do not buy my books, who, pray tell me, will buy them?" If the book in question is as good as the author seems to think it, the address which he obligingly furnishes should soon be besieged by postal orders.

THE eighth volume of the beautiful "Edinburgh" edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" has just reached us. Glancing through the familiar pages we chance upon this from Sir Walter's Diary:—

We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears—"Scott, do not go." It half frightens me . . . I cannot daub it farther. I get incapable of arranging my papers, too. I will go out for half-an-hour. God relieve me!

In May of that year, 1826, Lady Scott had died.

Bibliographical.

So far, I have not seen in any of the obituary notices of Miss Edna Lyall any reference to what was, I believe, her solitary excursion into literary criticism. In 1897, Messrs. Hurst and Blackett brought out a volume called "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign," and to that work Miss Lyall contributed a paper on Mrs. Gaskell. The subject, I believe, was of her own choosing, and how much she was interested in it is shown by her opening sentence: "Of all the novelists of Queen Victoria's reign there is not one to whom the present writer turns with such a sense of love and gratitude as to Mrs. Gaskell." The article is in several passages self-revelatory, as where, discussing "Mary Barton," the writer says: "Most books of that sort fail to arrest our attention. Why? Because they are written as mere 'goody' books for parish libraries, and are carefully watered down lest they should prove too sensational and enthralling; or because they are written by people who have only a surface knowledge of the characters they describe and the life they would fain depict. . . . Brilliant trash may succeed for two or three seasons, but unless there is in it some germ of real truth which appeals to the heart and conscience it will not live."

Here and there in the essay we get glimpses of the author's views about other novelists than Mrs. Gaskell. Thus, "David Copperfield," we are told, "is probably the most popular book Dickens ever wrote, and is likely to outlive his other works, just because he himself knew so thoroughly well all that his hero had to pass through, and could draw from real knowledge the characters in the background. And at the present time," Miss Lyall goes on to say, "we are able to understand the Indian Mutiny in a way that had never been possible before, because Mrs. Steel, in her wonderful novel, 'On the Face of the Waters,' has, through her knowledge of native life, given us a real insight into the heart of a great nation." Later on, talking of "Wives and Daughters," Miss Lyall remarks that "Molly Gibson, with her loyal heart and sweet sunshiny nature, will, we venture to think, better

represent the majority of English girls than the happily abnormal Dodos and Millicent Chynes of present-day fashion."

The stories by which Miss Lyall made her name and fame were published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, who, in 1900, issued the whole set of seven in a case. Most of the later tales have been issued by Messrs. Longmans, though Messrs. Methuen have brought out one, and some lesser brochures have borne the imprimatur of Messrs. Chambers, J. Clarke & Co., and Simpkin.

Miss Lyall ventured once into the theatrical field. With the aid of a practical collaborator, she produced a play called "In Spite of All," which was received with some favour when produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, just three years ago. This piece formed the basis of her story, also named "In Spite of All," which was issued by Hurst and Blackett in 1901. Her romance, "In the Golden Days," was adapted to the stage by another hand.

A correspondent asks me whether copies of Mrs. Austin's translation of Carové's "Das Märchen Ohne Ende" ("The Story without End") are now obtainable. I should think so, for an edition of it (with illustrations) was issued so recently as 1899, and is probably still in print. Just ten years earlier there was a reprint of the "Story" in Cassell's "National Library," and that may also be in the market. First published in 1834, Mrs. Austin's translation was reprinted in 1856, in 1864 (with illustrations by W. Harvey), and in 1868 (with coloured drawings by "E. V. B."). The original text of "Das Märchen" was reproduced in 1852, with notes in English. A sequel to the "Story" was undertaken by a certain "C. M." and brought out in 1840, or thereabouts, under the title of "The Child and the Hermit." It would seem that no other work by Carové has been "Englished" save "The Story of Gottfried and Beata," which came out in 1844.

Only now and then did the late Sir C. G. Duffy's publications infringe upon literature—as, for instance, in his "Lays of the Red Branch" (1901), in his contribution to the volume on "The Revival of Irish Literature" (1894), and his "Conversations with Carlyle" (1892 and 1896). The last-named appears to be less known than it deserves to be. His autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," which Mr. Unwin is about to re-issue, came out five years ago in two volumes. There were new editions of his "Young Ireland" so recently as 1896. This has proved more popular than the sequel to it—"Four Years of Irish History, 1845-9." It is to 1896 that Sir Charles's "Short Life of Thomas Davis" (New Irish Library) belongs.

Very welcome will be Mr. Henry James's biography of W. W. Story, an interesting man, to whose literary ability and achievement, full justice, perhaps, has not yet been done. Mr. James's work will necessarily be much more elaborate and authoritative than the volume published by Mary E. Phillips in Chicago and London in 1898—"Reminiscences of W. W. Story: Incidents and Anecdotes Chronologically Arranged, with Some Account of his Associations with Famous People." Mr. Story's latest publication was "A Poet's Portfolio: Later Readings" (1894)—a sequel to his "He and She, or A Poet's Portfolio," issued ten years earlier. His "Conversations in a Studio" came out in 1890 in two volumes, and his collected "Poems," also in two volumes, in 1885.

The announcement of a book by Mr. John Coleman, to be entitled "Charles Reade: By One who Knew Him," reminds one of the fact that a biography of Reade, in two volumes, by his relatives C. L. and C. Reade, was published in 1887. Mr. Coleman has himself already dealt with the subject in his "Players and Playwrights I have Known" (1888).

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Full Life.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER. Edited by his Wife. (Longmans, Green. 2 Vols. 32s. net.)

THIS record cannot in any sense be called a biography. There is matter for a biography, but not the biography itself. It is the usual substitute for a genuine life which we are now accustomed to receive, with what thanks we may, when an eminent man dies; and is doubtless better than an attempt at the real thing by an inadequate biographer. That is to say, it is a voluminous collection of letters, chronologically arranged, and connected by a thin thread of narrative. In saying this we do not wish to disparage Mrs. Max Müller, who has done her work simply and directly, without pretensions to make it anything but what it is. Of course, from the hands of a wife, the narrative can have but one character. It is Max Müller from the standpoint of all the domesticities. And to this, also, we are now well accustomed. A study of a man, a life such as Lockhart's Scott, or even a Johnsonian life, much less a Boswellian biography, we must nowadays renounce hope to see.

It cannot be said that Max Müller exhibits himself strongly in his letters, save on the side of his favourite studies. One gets generally the impression of a cheerful, cultivated, energetic man, on the whole thoroughly enjoying a career of hard work and all but undisturbed prosperity. That, no doubt, is the main thing there is to learn about him. There are no subtle recesses of psychology to be explored in this eminently sane, open, unembarrassed Teutonic nature, certain of himself, his work, and the world. Such a nature makes for the happiness of its owner, but there is nothing salient or picturesque which the reader's interest can lay hold of. And Max Müller's life was uneventful apart from his scientific successes and the record of successive honours. There are plenty of meetings with illustrious persons, and intercourse with celebrated men; but they throw no light on these illustrious persons, and not very much on Max Müller himself. A casual remark at the outset that his frank enjoyment of successes and dignities caused him unjustly to be accused of vanity is the most revealing thing, on the side of recognisable human personality, to be found in these two thick volumes. Afterwards the record flows on in an undiluted tide of cordiality, strenuousness, good-fellowship and high-mindedness, till one wishes the professor would do or say something a little unforgivable. It would spice the monotony of excellence.

The most really interesting part of the book (it is apt to be the case with successful men) is the narrative of his early struggles. Unfortunately for the reader's interest, if happily for the professor, those struggles end at a very early point of his career; afterwards he is abominably fortunate. He was born in the little German nook of Anhalt-Dessau, notable to readers of Carlyle's "Friedrich" as the principality of the "Old Dessauer," Frederick's general. His father was a poet, Wilhelm Müller; his mother a well-born lady, little, beautiful, fiery, energetic, clever, and inclined to severity of discipline—also a most thrifty and self-denying manager of her poor family, for she was early left a widow. Young Friedrich Max soon developed a decided taste for music; and a musician who was a neighbour taught him the piano by way of a surprise to his mother. To the last, in after days, Max Müller's piano-playing was a delight to his friends and a passport to society which might have taken small delight in the

mere Sanskrit scholar. Mendelssohn was a friend of his family, and took early notice of the boy.

When Max was only six years old, Mendelssohn visited Dessau, and taking the child into the large church set him on his lap at the organ and made him play the keys, whilst he himself managed the pedals, which the little boy could not reach.

Not only was he a musician, but we are told that "he was an inborn poet," and once told a friend that "he had all his life tried not to be a poet." With regard to which one can only say that a poet cannot help being a poet, and the life-long suppression of the gift, if it exist, is a sheer impossibility. A native feeling for poetry, and a *penchant* for private verses, do not make a poet, and are common as blackberries in men without a spark of poetic genius. But of this the outsider will never be convinced. As for Max Müller's poetic capacity, only a German could judge it; though one may suspect it was not overwhelmingly remarkable, from the mere fact of its successful repression. At the Nikolai School of Leipzig he not only received his early education, but seems already to have acquired a decisive taste for philology. On this important point the biography has nothing to tell us: we find him, when he was about to leave the school, expressing his desire for a philological career, but daunted by the precarious prospects of securing a living in such a career. Going to the Leipzig University, he speedily developed the taste for Sanskrit which determined his whole future life; and before he left had not only taken his Doctor's degree, but published a translation of the "Hitopadesa," the oldest Hindu collection of fables. Then he went to Berlin to pursue his favourite Sanskrit under Bopp, and philosophy under Schelling. He had begun already the habits of spare living and high thinking which alone brought him through his early difficulties. "At home," he writes, "I have only bread and butter. I drink coffee without milk or sugar." There he made the acquaintance of Humboldt, and of Hagedorn, who offered him his house in Paris, and urged him to go there to complete his Sanskrit studies. He accepted the offer, and his fate was decided.

The frugal living to which his boyhood had accustomed him he carried in Paris to an extreme. If the thinking was high, the living was something more than plain. He describes his life in a letter to his mother. "I get up early, have breakfast, i.e., bread and butter, no coffee. I stay at home and work till seven, go out and have dinner, come back in an hour, and stay at home and work till I go to bed." One is not surprised that he developed head-aches and toothache, which continued to harass him periodically till a much later period of his career. But his Sanskrit studies proceeded under every disadvantage; and at last he conceived the great project which finally brought him name and fame, occupying many years of his life. We mean, of course, the edition of the Rig-Veda, with Sâyana's commentary—a more difficult matter than the Veda itself. Happily for him, he had won in Paris the warm friendship of the illustrious Sanskrit scholar Burnouf, which ended only with the death of the elder man. There was great difficulty in finding a publisher, and but for Burnouf he might have been tempted by an offer from Russia, which would have been fatal to his subsequent career. Finally he decided for England, where he hoped to secure for his book the patronage of the East India Company, though the actual publishing was to be done by a Berlin firm. He reached London, intending a stay of weeks: he was to stay in England all his life.

His good fortune in friendship followed him here. Bunsen's untiring aid and advocacy not only enabled him to wait out the period of probation (also a period of privation, even with his rigid economy), but ultimately persuaded the East India Company to take over the entire publication of the Rig-Veda, and make a yearly payment to the editor for his labours. This was really

the end of Max Müller's early struggles. He never looked back. Not only did the issue of his first volume establish his fame; but his residence at Oxford in connection with its preparation brought him into contact with the University, paving the way for his Professorship of Modern Languages, and in the long run (after some disappointment) an assured position as Sanskrit Professor.

Thenceforth the great and important feature of his life is the apostolate he carried on in favour of increased study of the Indian languages. In a letter to the "Times" he brought forward the neglect of these as a predisposing cause of the Mutiny then raging. Italian, he said, was given as many marks in the examinations for the Indian Civil Service as Arabic or Persian. If less ignorance on these points prevails among Indian officials to-day, to Max Müller it is largely due. India was with him a passion; and nothing Indian found him indifferent. It might be the Brahmo-Somaj—that singular movement for Hinduising Christianity or Christianising Hinduism; it might even be the Theosophical Society, though towards that his attitude was more hostile than friendly. Besides his beloved music, another interest of which he might scarce be suspected was the writings of the Mystics. To Mr. W. Lilly he wrote: "I am deep in the Mystics just now: they are my *premier amour*, and I expect they will be my *dernier amour*. I only wish people would not call them Mystics; they are as clear as daylight." One of the latest events in his life was a visit from a celebrated Indian Yogin, or ascetic (who was much disconcerted, by the way, that no admiring crowd met him at the London station). "My life is nearly over," said Max Müller at parting from him; "I shall never be able to do any more work." The Yogin placed a hand on either shoulder, and looking with long, earnest gaze in his face, replied: "Yes, I see death has come near you, friend; he has looked you in the face." It was indeed the approach of the end. But Müller's work was done, and thoroughly done. It is in that work, not in these letters and this slender narrative, that his true life must be found. A German, he had worked in England; a Western, he had worked for the East. And if he intermittently longed to end his days in his own land, he had yet loved England with a second and acquired patriotism, which makes him, like Handel, almost more ours than Germany's.

A Veteran's Recollections.

MEMORIES OF A HUNDRED YEARS. By Edward Everett Hale. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

MR. HALE'S two volumes cannot be classed among brilliant reminiscences. To do them justice, they nowise aim at brilliance: they are gentle, sober talk about an old man's recollection of people and things—mostly people. He has not the gift (for it can scarce be that he has not had the opportunity) of remembering anything very striking, pointed, pictorial, or characteristic. As is apt to be the way with eminent men of long life, it largely amounts to the fact that he remembers people. What he does remember, also, is naturally of more general interest on the other side of the water than on this, where American history, even in comparatively recent years, is discreditably unknown, or little known. Yet with all allowance there is much to interest even Englishmen. The mere range and venerableness of Mr. Hale's memories have a patriarchal impressiveness. "I have seen all the Presidents since Monroe," he is able to say. He saw General Jackson; and "since that time I have spoken with John Quincy Adams, with Tyler, Polk, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield I think, Arthur, Hayes, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt." That is impressive enough; but it is almost with a ghostly sense that one realises Mr. Hale has spoken with men who

knew Washington. By his recollections he stands but at one remove from the foundation of the American Republic! Nay, as a child he saw Lafayette "with the eye of the flesh." He had seen Major Melville, who was one of the party which threw the tea into Boston Harbour, and so brought on the war with England and the Revolution:—

One knows that he really was of the Tea Party, because he never said he was. . . . If, in the last century, any man said he was of the Tea Party, you knew that strictly he was not. If, on the other hand, when the subject was alluded to with an old Boston man, he smiled and winked and perhaps said nothing; . . . you were almost sure that he was one of the two parties which were organized to throw the tea overboard. . . . They placed sentries at the head of the wharf, to prevent interference from anyone. Their faces in some instances, and I think in all, were blackened, that they might not be recognised. And they went to work as stevedores would do, in a systematic way, to haul up the tea from the vessels, to break open the chests, and to throw the tea into the water. All these men had sworn with a masonic oath that they would never implicate anyone in the transaction.

Charles Sprague, the poet, told Mr. Hale of his father's participation, as a boy, in the same famous act of revolt:—

His father struggled through because his master, who was at work in the Tea Party, recognised him. He blackened the boy's face with soot from a blacksmith's shop, as the rest were blackened, and permitted him to join in the work.

Mrs. Nancy Brown, "a nice old lady," told Mr. Hale that, as a Boston child, she remembered the Battle of Bunker Hill:—

The cannon on Copp's Hill were . . . firing across at Charlestown; the children must have seen Charlestown burning, though I do not remember that she spoke of that. But she did tell me that when the carts began to come up from the ferry with the wounded English soldiers, the children ran after the carts as they went up Lynde Street and Staniford Street; and they could see the gouts of blood running out from the tails of the carts as they stood upon the roadway.

That is a horrible little illumination of cold and abstract eighteenth-century history. The few items Mr. Hale has gathered about Washington confirm the impression one already has, and which one gets from his portraits—a clear-headed man of strong eighteenth-century sense and iron will, with nothing of genius or the ardour of genius about him. "A clear-headed, sensible man, whose opinion was worth having, and who was well worth consulting in farming matters or on common business"—so his neighbours thought him, and no doubt they were very right. Josiah Quincy told Mr. Hale that when Washington used to come to Boston, though he had then very wide experience in life—

There appeared, mixed in with the manners of a perfect gentleman, a certain shyness, such as you might see in any man who lived a good deal without the society of other people.

As for the stern will, visible enough in the rigid mouth and firm chin of the portraits; when General Lee retreated at Monmouth, Washington galloped down on him:—

Washington asked him why such a column was retiring, and Lee said that the American troops would not stand the British bayonets. Washington replied: "You damned poltroon, you have never tried them!"

At the Battle of Princeton, when Cornwallis was hurrying to pursue the Americans, Washington ordered the Massachusetts Captain Varnum to take a file of men and destroy the bridge:—

The captain touched his hat and said, "Are there enough men?" and Washington said, "Enough to be cut to pieces." This gentlemen told Dr. Sparks afterwards that as he went back to his men he pinched his cheeks for fear they should see that he was pale.

But the bridge was destroyed, and Washington's retreat secured. One can see the relentless words in his face.

The autograph which Mr. Hale prints, small, regular, precise, firm, meticulous, thin, corresponds with one's notion of his character. A man not great, but adequate and confident, opposed to men inadequate, character equalled him with a great situation. Character, by the way, is not Mr. Hale's strong point. He says, for instance, that Lafayette was despised only by those, like Carlyle, who did not know him. But this proves only Lafayette's personal charm. The evidence of his acts is final; and bears out the evidence of his face (given here) with its receding forehead, prominent nose, and feminine chin—so frequent in the French aristocracy of the time.

Of Emerson, also, Mr. Hale tells a characteristic story. He congratulated Emerson on the success of the latter's cousin George in a college oration at Cambridge. "Yes," answered Emerson, "I did not know I had so fine a young cousin. And now, if something will fall out amiss—if he should be unpopular with his class, or if his father should fail, or if some other misfortune can befall him—all will be well." It was only in the lapse of years that Mr. Hale realised the utterance was wisdom, not cynicism. But his memories of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and others of the illustrious band, are disappointing. Perhaps the cream of them have appeared elsewhere. More attractive are some of his war-memories. They paint in strong colours the miserable constitution of the Northern army which Stonewall beat, during the early period of the struggle between North and South. The variety of Mr. Hale's recollections will be surmised from our quotations. But we end as we began; the most impressive circumstance in these two volumes is the antiquity of a venerable and respected life to which they stretch back.

Essays in Biography.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH. By G. W. E. Russell. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is a reprint of a number of essays, mostly biographical. The subjects are almost exclusively prominent members of the Church of England, with many of whom Mr. Russell has been in personal contact; and his sketches of these good men are generally founded on a published Life. The greater number belong to that section of Anglicanism of which Mr. Russell is known as a champion; and in the treatment of the rest he makes no secret of his personal predilections (indeed, why should he?) in matters theological. If his studies are not particularly profound, he must be allowed at least to possess the reviewer's knack of tearing the heart out of a book. Probably the constancy and conviction with which he regards all matters from a single point of view have made this easy for him. In the half-dozen strictly controversial essays Mr. Russell (it must be allowed that he has a difficult and complicated case to present) is less happy. They treat of such subjects as "Catholic Continuity in the Church of England," "The Mass: Primitive and Protestant," and "Ritualism and Disestablishment." In the handling of such matters he finds himself in such a tangle of conflicting opinions among those who, in his own section of the "household," accept the same formularies and claim an equal right to interpret them, that he may readily be excused if in his uphill fight he at moments displays a fury of contempt and impatience that not even his liberal dips into Dickens can effectually quench.

But, returning to earlier papers, we may say that Mr. Russell has here presented to us a notable group of men. Gladstone, Pusey, Tait, Burgon, Magee, Manning, Benson, Westcott, King, Mackonochie, Dolling—these are the most notable. These are sons of whom any Communion in

Christendom might be proud. They are men formed in Anglican traditions, educated in Anglican schools and universities; scholars (with two or three exceptions) saturated with the sense of the English Bible, vibrating with its music; blinded, illuminated, intoxicated, inspired with the historic career, the imperial possibility of the Church that was their mother. They had their littlenesses. You see Benson posturing before the mirror for the length of his hair and the shade of his cassock; Magee crying out for advancement and more money; Tait tumbling head over heels in obeisance before the throne; but, in their place and in their age, they were great men. And they were God-fearing men; not less than those others who, like Mackonochie and Dolling and Ion-Falconer, sold all they had and gave to the poor; than Westcott who counselled "a firm faith in criticism, and a firm faith in God"; than Burgon, who thought that all criticism came from the devil.

Mr. Russell gathers indeed still more widely; the variety of his "house" includes Zachary Macaulay and his friends, the founders of that strange sect of enthusiasts known as Plymouth Brethren, and the gentlemen who presented themselves at the Vatican to claim the Pope's adhesion to the new apostolate popularly associated with the name and eccentric genius of Edward Irving.

Mr. Russell's concluding chapter is concerned with the future of Christendom, and the prospect of reunion among those who believe Christianity to be a Divine revelation—those, that is, who believe in the Incarnation of the Son of God. Upon this subject it must be confessed he has little that is helpful to say; though he does bring to the aid of the well-worn "Branch" theory of the visible Church an analogy that strikes one as sufficiently daring:—

After five years' experience and reflection, I say again that, if by unity is meant organic unity under a human head, I neither expect it nor desire it. Unity in that sense does not seem to me to be the unity for which our Lord prayed. Natural reverence shrinks from pressing the analogy contained in his Divine prayer. And yet there is food for profound reflection in its terms: "That they may be one, even as We are One." The Divine Unity has been manifested to man in the Three Holy Persons. A real and essential unity of believers, manifested under the forms of external distinctness, may be the analogous unity which our Lord desires.

This "profound reflection," when we consider the character of the differences which sunder Christendom, leaves us, we confess, rather breathless.

Mr. Platitude's Brother.

PROVERB LORE. By F. Edward Hulme. (Stock.)

PROVERB and Platitude are twins. They are recognised, even apart however, because Proverb is sometimes naughty and generally clever, whereas Platitude is only not stupid because he is invariably so good. The study of proverbs—to drop personalities—leads to the detection of nations in the unguarded privacy of their not-at-home days, if the quip be conceded us. Thus bathos is exposed as the Saxon's refuge from sentimentality in the simile, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire," and the Arab's natural poetry comes out in his parallel phrase, "Flying from the sword to hide in the scabbard." The Scotch honesty that observes its own weakness shines in "Ne'er let your gear o'ergang you." Chinese suspiciousness is eloquent in the advice, "In melon patch tie not shoe, under plum tree touch not cap." Old Roman practicality is expressed in "carpe diem," which Skelton (we remember) gained praise for translating as "crop the day." As a general criticism of the badness of human nature, proverb is invaluable. "Fish and guests stink in three days"; "The weakest go to the wall"; "A slice off a cut loaf will not be missed";

"One must howl with the wolves," state cases with a simple precision of immorality not without charm.

So much by way of introduction to our review of Mr. Hulme's book, which is in truth of a lounging desultoriness that convicts reviewing of pedagogy, to use perhaps the ugliest word in the English language. One fault it has that tempts us to manufacture a proverb—the absence of an index. We resist the temptation, because the Oji say, "When a poor man makes a proverb it does not spread."

Mr. Hulme has explored a number of quaint collections of proverbs, and his treatment of such gentry as Heywood, who packed as many proverbs as they could into shameless but docile doggerel, is amusing. Worse than Heywood were those, including the renowned Bacon—miscalled "Lord" Bacon—who commented on proverbs with a tedious solemnity. We would not of course be without Ben Jonson's exquisite advice, "Boldly nominate a spade a spade." The pomposity evidently in that case had to come in somewhere.

The typical proverb being "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," the chief drawback to reading proverbs is the truism lying behind the wit which calls attention to that which it is seasonable to ignore. When truism is forsaken the proverb is not always the better, however. "Make a crutch of your cross" seems to Mr. Hulme "excellent advice." To us it is the last word of smugness to affliction which it does not propose to alleviate. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is another instance of proverbial perversity. It is untrue; it is simply a bad kind of poetry, the art to which we owe perhaps more falsifications of life than even to the novel.

Mr. Hulme is instructive on the subject of misunderstood phrases. He reminds us of the phrase "that's the cheese." Du Maurier, we remember, in 1880 made his Lord Plantagenet Cadbury sing "Ain't I the Cheese?" to the Cimabue Browns. But "cheese" is good Anglo-Saxon for choice, and Lord Plantagenet Cadbury was unconsciously reverting to the language of Piers Plowman. "Raining cats and dogs," again, is, in respect of the animals, an ill-caught echo of Catadupa, a place of the Æthiopians where was a waterfall mentioned by Pliny.

Such information shows that Mr. Hulme, although he has entered into an elaborate discussion of the nature of the proverb, has in his work confused the popular apothegm with the colloquial phrase or metaphor. He thus chats away his book's one chance of unity.

Little, however, does that matter since he brings many gems into the light which seldom drop from English lips, but sparkle none the less for infrequent falling in the dust. From Robert Codrington's collection he got this: "A young man old maketh an old man young." There is fine grim psychology there; the young man and the old man respectively are worth whole flocks of "shorn lambs" and gregarious "birds of a feather." It seems to us worth all the Japanese proverbs which we are asked to "ponder on." "A famous sword may be made from an iron scraper"; "the mouth is the door of mischief"; "if you handle cinnabar you will become red": these are Japanese sayings, and when we "ponder on" them we find them merely true. There is a gleam as of local colour from the "cinnabar," but the Bengali shames the triteness of the proverb which emits it, and expresses the beautiful and unadvertised side of the truth it vulgarises, by the saying, "The sandal tree perfumes the axe that fells it."

On the whole it seems clear, as Mr. Hulme suggests, that proverbs are less popular than they were. Many sound quite new to-day. We would offer as a reason the increased popularity of concrete facts. As a result we have a growing impatience with figurative speech.

A Point of View.

SAMOA 'UMA. WHERE LIFE IS DIFFERENT. By Llewella Pierce Churchill. (Sampson Low. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Some natures," says Mrs. Churchill, "are so constituted that there is to them a charm in free savagery as shown among the islanders of Polynesia. It may be hard to see in what this charm consists, but it is certain that it has existed even for men to whom the best of culture was open." That charm, one would have thought, was not difficult to analyse; it consists in precisely those elements which would appeal to a man of culture who was also something more. For Mrs. Churchill, as wife of the American Consul at Apia, the life in Samoa was an involuntary exile, and her high-spirited attempt to make the best of it has resulted in a very entertaining book. The entertainment lies chiefly in the accounts of her shooting and fishing expeditions, which are full of life and humour; her records of the native character and customs, however, do not add greatly to our knowledge. The idleness of the Samoan is too much insisted on, for in a country where food is procured in sufficiency almost without cultivation, and dress is a mere matter of ornament, the Anglo-Saxon ideal of the dignity of labour is as ridiculously out of place as the starched shirt of civilization, which the Samoan blade wears as an overall when he goes to church. Yet by her own showing the islanders have accomplishments which could be acquired only by industry and intelligence. They build excellent boats, and manage them superbly. Men and women are expert fishers. Patience and some artistic tradition are needed for the making of their fine mats. The art of tattooing is no child's play; and even the elaborate ceremonial which is part of the Samoan's daily life implies memory and method. They are clean in their houses and their persons, swim before they can walk, and are fond of all athletic exercises. They have also a system of massage of which Mrs. Churchill experienced the benefit.

One had always supposed that kava was a more or less intoxicating beverage. Mrs. Churchill states that it is not so, that it is neither stimulating nor narcotic, and has no appreciable effect whatever. Its taste can hardly be so disagreeable as she thinks it, or white people would not "use the kava as regularly as their native neighbours." Perhaps there is nothing else to drink, for the water is not good, milk is hardly procurable, and "civilized" beverages are no doubt expensive and inferior. At the same time it is curious to note that, in spite of the importation of spirituous liquors by traders, and the example of the white riff-raff of the beach, drunkenness has never become a familiar vice among the Samoans.

The population of Samoa is nominally Christian, yet pagan beliefs and practices survive, though the latter begin to lose or to change their original significance. We have here going on under the observation of enlightened people a process well worthy of study. In the remoter parts of our own islands are to be found customs and traditions of most obscure meaning and origin. Their source may be lost in the pagan worship of our far-off ancestors, and light might be thrown upon these interesting survivals by a scientific study of the changes now taking place among the lately Christianized peoples of Polynesia.

Samoa to English readers means Stevenson, and all Mrs. Churchill's contempt for "the dream tissue which has been woven out of South Sea moonshine" will not alter this. His accounts may be read by the side of hers and no untruth be detected. There is a difference in the point of view, and that is everything.

The Romance of the Highlands.

SCOTTISH LIFE AND HISTORY. Edited by James Paton, F.L.S.
(Glasgow University Press.)

THIS handsome book comes forth with no profession that it meets either a long-felt or a modern want. It is merely incidental to the International Exhibition at Glasgow in 1901. To that splendid show the King, many peers, the Universities of Scotland, and the Society of Antiquaries contributed interesting relics of ancient times. It was discovered that the Historical Loan Collection "provided materials for representing the history of the Scottish nation by means of extant memorials and remains." Why, that was to say, should not literature be spun round reproductions from photographs of 331 interesting things in the Loan Collection?

Well, here are the pictures and the essays "written up" to them. Together, these form a volume which, although it is heavy to the hand, we have read with interest. The first four chapters deal with pre-historic remains, sculptured stones, early history, and mediæval history. They do not add much to what one learned at school; but the illustrations are refreshing to the memory. It is when Chapter IV. is opened that one's interest is thoroughly aroused and even prepared to become critical. That chapter deals with Mary Queen of Scots; it is followed by chapters on James VI. and "Kirk, King, and Covenant"; and these three writings are by Mr. D. Hay Fleming, whom one seems to remember as being a stern and unbending partisan. Sure enough, they do not shed upon their subjects either sweetness or light. Mr. Fleming is a laborious student; but his essays read like the pleadings of a country solicitor before a sheriff-substitute. Every little fact that can be made to tell against the Stuarts is painstakingly set forth, and there is not a single sentence to indicate that the Stuarts had any case at all. Sir Walter Scott was prejudiced against the Covenanters; but, even so, a much ampler and much fairer notion of the civil strifes is to be gleaned from the "Waverley Novels" than any to be derived from Mr. Fleming's pages. They are a blot upon this entertaining work. Happily, Mr. Henry Grey Graham, who follows immediately, writes in another vein. He is a man of catholic sympathy, and, as we had the pleasure of noting in reviews of his recent works, a real historian gifted with a brilliant style. His subjects are "Before the Union," the Union, the Jacobite Risings, and "After the Rebellion." To him, therefore, in the composition of this work, there fell the most thrilling periods in Scotland's history; and from out of a profound erudition he presents them with singular impartiality.

In the second half of "Scottish Life and History," which deals with sociology, literature, and sports, to ourselves the most engaging chapter is Sir Herbert Maxwell's, on deer-stalking, fishing, and falconry. Not long ago there was a good deal of political discontent with what was called "the displacement of the crofters to make way for deer and grouse." The agitation concealed more than half of the facts which had to be considered; but who could have imagined that, in as far as there had been a change in the social conditions of the Highlands, the change was directly attributable to the economic polity of which the Party of Reform were themselves the authors and are still the uncompromising champions? In 1838, when Mr. William Scrope wrote "The Art of Deer-Stalking," forests were small and the deer were few; most of the mountainous regions were devoted to the rearing of sheep. Nowadays, there are not nearly so many sheep; there are 132 forests, which cover more than 2,000,000 acres; and every autumn no fewer than 5,000 stags fall to the sportsmen's rifles. This, says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "is the result of the action of economic laws under the system of free imports. The extension of deer forests had no connection with the dislodgement of the crofters, who disappeared to make

room for pastoral industry on a large scale. But for Free Trade, the Legislature would undoubtedly have maintained or imposed such duties on imported wool or mutton as would have protected the home industry of sheep farming. Foreign competition has reduced the price of mutton and wool to a point which renders sheep farming unremunerative. The utmost that has been done is to replace (*sic*) the shepherds who were originally imported from the Lowlands, and whose occupation ceases with the disappearance of sheep, by well-paid stalkers, gillies, and their families." Replace, in that sentence, is a slip of language; but, inadvertently, it states a reassuring consideration. In many cases the shepherds, their original occupation gone, have been kept on to tend the game and attend the sportsmen; and the social state of the Highlands has vastly improved since what are inconsiderately called "the good old times." The stags alone produce £250,000 yearly, which is more than twice the revenue of the whole of Scotland at the time when eager spirits sought to make the country prosperous by the ill-fated Darien Scheme; and at this day there are more happy homes in the glens and on the hill-sides of the Highlands than ever there were before. In these comforting facts lies our apology for having mentioned Free Trade. We name such affairs only when there is a ray of happiness or of hope in the drear lexicon of the gentlemen whom Lord Beaconsfield, in "Coningsby," called statesmongers.

The Sportsman as Writer.

FISHING AND SHOOTING. By Sydney Buxton. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

SUPPORTING himself on an ancient authority, Mr. Buxton avows a theory which we ourselves have cherished in secret. He approves the precept of Markham that "a skilful angler ought to be a general Scollar, and lern'd in all the Liberal Sciences, as a Grammarian, to know how either to write or discourse of his art, in true and fitting terms, either without affectation, or rudeness." We should like to explain and justify that proposition, and even to expand it into a theory that he who is skilful in angling is likely to be a master of high intellectual arts; but, as space enough is lacking, we must at present rest content with an expression of sorrow that Mr. Buxton has in certain respects been unfaithful to the doctrine which he accepted. When he raised a trout he says the fish was "risen." Unrelated participles in amazing abundance are scattered throughout his pages. For a whole chapter he writes in this way:—

You hurry through breakfast, and are soon ready, and by 9.30 o'clock you are down at the river. You are, you find, the only rod on the river that day, which, selfishly, gives you some pleasure, for there is a charm in the feeling that you can go where the whim takes you.

Seven "yous" in as many lines are at least six too many. They make us tired, and vicariously ashamed. Still, one must not deal harshly with Mr. Buxton. He is anxious to be a grammarian, and we take the will for the deed. Certainly he seems to be a good fisherman. He has cast angle into many waters, most notably into the chalk-streams of Hampshire; and he has a gift of reflecting on his sport entertainingly. To be sure, his reflections are not always convincing. "Dry-fly fishing," he writes, "has only been in general use for some ten or fifteen years; but if the Darwinian theory is good for anything, will it be only a matter of time before the southern trout cease to rise? The freest risers will be killed off; the tailers, the bulgers, the feeders on minnow and shrimp will survive. Has the principle of natural selection already begun to work?" One would think not. Tailers, bulgers, and feeders on minnow and shrimp are not distinct classes of trout. They are only trout in certain moods. When

the fish are not tailing or bulging or grubbing, they are either resting at the bottom of the stream or taking insects on or slightly below the surface. In short, Mr. Buxton's words about "the Darwinian theory" and "the principle of natural selection," as possibly applicable to trout in relation to the sportsman, are absurd. If they were not so, they would afford serious reason for disapproving the dry-fly, upon which, like a good many other writers about angling, Mr. Buxton bestows much unscientific praise. Trout have risen at flies, natural and artificial, for centuries; and they will continue to do so. The menace to sport in the streams lies much less in the increasing wariness of the fish than in the dwindling of the waters. Agricultural drainage and the modern system of supplying large towns with water, which, as Sir Charles Dilke recently remarked in the House of Commons, have tended to make the Thames "an exhausted river," are affecting very many trout-streams similarly. That is a misfortune which we must endure in deference to the progress of civilisation. We had marked a good many other passages in Mr. Buxton's book, but have left ourselves with little more than space enough to say that we have read the whole of it with interest and as a rule with pleasure. The chapters on Shooting are by the author himself regarded as less serious than those on Angling; but, oddly, they are fresher. Perhaps that is because they were written with less effort and therefore with less artifice, greater naturalness. The pictorial illustrations by Mr. Archibald Thorburn are extremely good.

Mr. Canton's Poems.

THE COMRADES: POEMS OLD AND NEW. By William Canton. (Isbister. 5s.)

MR. WILLIAM CANTON'S name is already known and beloved by numbers for his books on the child whom he made the child of so many households—"W. V." As a poet he is also known, in a tender and quiet way, if to a less degree. "The Comrades" is a collection of poems with varying proportion of merit, in which strict selection, seemingly, has not been intended. Mr. Canton has rather poured out what had come to him, in a wild-wood fashion, content to leave selection with the reader. Art is not his note, indeed; and none of these poems bears the least sign of "composition." They appear obviously produced as they welled in the writer's mind, without heed to compacting, research of diction, or solicitude for perfect form. They have the advantages and disadvantages of this method. Their excellence is unequal: some are too diffuse, and carry too little weight of metal, to be more than fair occasional verse. But that the artless and unstudied manner is necessary to Mr. Canton is evident from the fact that he succeeds least in the longer and more formally shapen poems, as (for instance) "Pearls and Simples," which has the metrical form beloved by Matthew Arnold in his elegies. Here the diction is often too prosaic, too much of every day, for the grave and dignified metrical mould. It is in the briefer pieces, brought off in a beat or two of the wing (so to speak), that Mr. Canton finds himself. Nearly always these have a thought, an un-borrowed and individual thought, to give them value. It is, indeed, in the last lines or stanza that the poem often makes its effect, and with excellent result. The diction is simple and unsought, but admirably adequate, at the best, in its simple spontaneity of feeling. It is not in diction, however, as a whole that these poems excel. They scarcely attain the magic of expression which belongs to the perfect poet, but their simple tenderness of feeling, with that quality of personal thought which we have mentioned, at happy moments gives them a true and individual charm. "The Comrades" (the title-poem) has an effect of clinging regret which is enhanced by the haunting and unusual

metre. Quotation wrongs its pathos; yet we must quote:—

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the unrepentable forests,—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling,
Home! home! home!

Strange ghostly voices, when the dust is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river.
The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling,
Home! home! home!

Many, it is probable, will not at first detect the all-but complete absence of rhyme, so well is the measure handled. But of Mr. Canton's more usual and personal style, here is a charming example, called "Any Mother":—

So sweet, so strange—so strange, so sweet
Beyond expression,
O little Blossom!
To sit and feel my bosom beat
With glad possession;
For you are ours, our very own,
None other's, ours;
God made you of our two hearts alone,
As God makes flowers
Of earth and sunshine,
O little Blossom!

That is a very sweet and rounded little lyric. Other poems are musing on that child-world which Mr. Canton loves well; so simply domestic in language that they seem intermediate between poems for children and poems on children. Of such is "The Great World"—the journey of a daring young explorer to the village-green. In these lovingly handled themes his readers of old will especially recognise Mr. Canton. Had we space, we would quote "The Stone Age," which shows him at his best—a tender piece of half-humorous musing. But this and other happy things, such as "Life and Death," we must leave to the reader's research.

Other New Books.

STUART TRACTS, 1603-1693. With Introduction by C. H. Firth. (Constable. 4s. net.)

THE texts contained in this volume are reprinted from the "English Garner," published in eight volumes a quarter of a century ago by Prof. Arber. A note explains that the contents have been rearranged and classified under the supervision of Mr. Thomas Seecombe. The introductions are new.

The volume opens with Sir Robert Carey's account of the Death of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this follow three accounts of James' progress from the North to London. Two of the tracts illustrate the rise of the discontent out of which sprang the Civil War. Three, of which the first is from the hand of Sir Francis Vere, are narratives of campaigns and battles. The second is Lord Fairfax's posthumous Short Memorials of some things to be cleared during my Command in the Army, and A Short Memorial of the Northern Actions; a remarkable contrast to which, in tone and temper, is supplied by the boastful narrative of Major-General Morgan, one of his colonels, "a little man short and peremptory," who "spake with a very exile tone, and did cry out to the soldiers when angry with them, 'Sirrah, I'll cleave your skull,' as if the words had been prolated by a eunuch."

The narratives to which most readers will turn first are by sailors; not by admirals, but by unknown merchant seamen; and these furnish remarkable examples of the temper of seventeenth-century Englishmen. Robert Lyde

is a lusty young man of twenty-three, but partly bald, who before starting upon his attempt to recover, with only the aid of a boy, the "Friend's Adventure" from the French prize crew of seven hands, throws away his cap that a blow, if he should be struck there, might kill, not stun, him; for he had had experience of the inside of a French prison. His account of the death struggle in the little low cabin is grimly precise; and he has a horribly vivid touch in the description of the wounded man, with the blood streaming from his forehead, "beating his hands upon the deck to make a noise, that the man at the pump might hear: for he could not cry nor speak." Of the two narratives of men unfortunate enough to be engaged in Monmouth's rebellion that by Henry Pitman, a surgeon, exiled to Barbadoes, manifestly furnished points to Defoe.

Mr. Firth's Introduction supplies an excellent appreciation of these human documents.

THE NEVER-ENDING WRONG: And Other Renderings of the Chinese from the Prose Translations of Prof. Herbert A. Giles. By L. Cranmer-Byng. (Richards. 5s. net.)

MR. CRANMER-BYNG has proved himself in his earlier work to be something of a poet, and this volume sustains, though it will hardly increase, his reputation. The author has feeling, some music, and a distinct sense of the elusive beauty and sadness of the world, but he has at the same time a certain vagueness of expression, a tenuity of ideas, which tend to give his work remoteness and obscurity. There is, also, rather too much straining. In his dedication to Prof. Giles, Mr. Cranmer-Byng says: "The purity of Your Excellency's prose will remain undimmed when this poor setting of rhyme is crumbled about its facets, and only the lustres of the gems remains. This is my one excuse—the excuse of him who seeing the golden lily feet of the beloved desires above all to encase them in rhyme of his own weaving." To talk of encasing "golden lily feet" in rhyme is to come very near talking nonsense.

Of the Chinese renderings we like least "The Never-Ending Wrong"; it is a poem well enough in idea, but full of the vagueness to which we have referred. Vagueness of sorts may, of course, be the highest art, as in "Khubla Khan," but it is not art in Mr. Cranmer-Byng's work. Yet some art he has, as the following lines entitled "A World Apart" will demonstrate:—

The lady moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The heavens have roofed me over,
And the dawn is my golden door.
I would liefer follow the condor,
Or the seagull soaring from ken,
Than bury my godhead yonder
In the dust of the whirl of men.

This, too, is impressive of an autumn wind:—

. . . then it swelled
Into the roaring of great waves that smite
The broken vanguard of the cliff: the rage
Of storm-black tigers in the startled night
Among the jackals of the wind and rain.

In the section of the volume devoted to "English Poems" Mr. Cranmer-Byng returns to the note with which his earlier verse made us familiar; it is mainly a note of melancholy, of disillusion, of a mild paganism. This sestet of a sonnet, entitled "As in a Trance," suggests the tone:—

Give me the penance of an autumn gloom,
And hot September rains to sear desire,
And winds to shake the portals of that tomb
Where lies the idyll of a broken lyre;
Then haply through the cloisters of my pain
The blind shall see the dead arise again.

We have had too much already of that kind of thing, and Mr. Cranmer-Byng would do well to devote his undoubted talent to more masculine subjects.

AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN. By Walter del Mar. (A. and C. Black. 18s.)

THE book is largely of Japan, not the Japan of the enthusiast, but Japan westernised and top-hatted as seen by the observant globe-trotter who can enjoy the beauty and novelty of the land, and at the same time take note of eastern odours and imported decadence. The author has not the licensed flight of the poet nor the biased vision of the missionary; on the other hand, he does not wander wildly into discursive politics, and the result is a matter-of-fact book, a trifle judicial perhaps, but always acceptable. The material is arranged on a broad plan divided into convenient headings. The problems of the Far East, the Navy, the credit of Japan, and missionary work are dealt with briefly, but the general reader will grapple rather with the author's reflections on the eternal feminine. He describes the whole social system in detail, and enlarges upon the point of view of the Japanese and of the traveller of enquiring mind. All of which makes good reading, and a useful commentary is found in the statistics of the divorce court, the registrar, and the coroner. For instance, 124,000 divorces, 107,000 illegitimate children, and nearly 9,000 suicides might give the thoughtful Japanese food for reflection; but the Japanese has not a mathematical mind, and no appreciation of statistics. Moreover, he sees no reason for adopting the elastic moral code of the West. The concluding pages give hints to travellers, but the volume as a whole, provided with excellent photographs, affords ample compensation to the stay-at-home.

Fiction.

The Romance of Commerce.

THE PIT. By Frank Norris. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. FRANK NORRIS had planned out a big scheme, and died after accomplishing but two-thirds of it. His idea was to write the epic of wheat, to trace its growing in the American West, its manipulation in Chicago, and its distribution in Europe. For he saw that commerce has its romance no less than warfare, and that the financial fighter is the modern equivalent to the knight in armour. Moreover, if man does not live by bread alone, bread is necessary, and its passage from the soil to the eater crosses innumerable interests. "The Octopus" was the first of the series, and dealt with the struggle between the farmer and the Railway Trust. This, "The Pit," is the second. On its way from grower to consumer the wheat has to pass through the Chicago Wheat Pit, where speculators gamble on the future price. Small material for romance, you may think, in the turn of the hand on the dial at the Chicago Board of Trade. But Laura, sitting in the Opera House, and listening to occasional scraps of talk over the Helmick failure, caught the romance underlying the market reports—

and abruptly, midway between two phases of that music drama, of passion and romance, there came to Laura the swift and vivid impression of that other drama that simultaneously—even at that very moment—was working itself out close at hand, equally picturesque, equally romantic, equally passionate; but more than that, real, actual, modern, a thing in the very heart of the life in which she moved. And here he sat, this Jadwin, quiet, in evening dress, listening good-naturedly to this beautiful music, for which he did not care, to this rant and fustian, watching quietly all this posing and attitudinising. How small and petty it must all seem to him!

And how American is the attitude of the girl, of Jadwin, of the writer! For it takes an American to see the romance that underlies the business operation. Laura had three lovers, an artist, a broker's clerk, and Jadwin—a capitalist. She chose Jadwin. And it was Jadwin who was caught in the swirl of the gamble on futures; Jadwin, who beat time with a hymn book to the singing of his Sunday school. For the story is of an attempted corner in wheat. In the Wheat Pit—and Mr. Norris draws a really wonderful picture of a morning on that central floor of the cereal world—they do not see the wheat, they would not know what to do with it if they had to store the wheat they buy. But they bet what wheat will cost a week or a month hence. And Jadwin saw his way to buying up all the visible supply. It was not the want of money, for he had enough; it was the gambler's passion; and Jadwin for a short spell had the world's leaves in his hands. Now there is a situation for a novelist. Jadwin, for a moment, is a Napoleon, an Alexander, a Providence with the instincts of a devil. But Cressler, the dealer, was right when he maintained that wheat cannot be cornered by any means:—

First, for the reason that there is a great harvest of wheat somewhere in the world for every month in the year; and second, because the smart man who runs the corner has every other smart man in the world against him. And, besides, it's wrong; the world's food should not be at the mercy of the Chicago wheat pit.

It's wrong, and it's impossible. Mr. Norris brings these two points home in the manipulation of his story. The impossibility and the wrongness both rest on the limitations of the individual. No man can keep an eye on every grain of corn that comes into the market. And the man who tries to corner the world's supply of wheat is in danger of sacrificing what is more valuable to himself. What shall a man profit if he gain the whole world's wheat supply and lose his own Laura?

We have read this story with great interest, for it is one of the few that hit the balance of a man's life, which wavers ever between the world of action and the world of sentiment. We have read it, too, with a keen sense of regret that Mr. Norris did not live to complete his scheme. He was one of the very few novelists who have seen the romance underlying the market reports.

LORD LEONARD THE LUCKLESS. By W. E. Norris. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS' latest novel, skilled writer though he is, proves somewhat dull reading. As a story the end is from the beginning too unmistakeable to arouse any great interest, and as a piece of psychology none of the characters repay the minute attention given to them. The virtuous heroine Juliet is shallow, stupid, and insensitive to a degree that renders the refinement of her upbringing almost a surprise. The girl whom "Leonard the Luckless" can never bring himself to treat as his daughter, though she is believed by the world to be so, is equally lacking in delicacy or refinement of temperament. The villainess—at one time Lady Leonard—is so outrageous in her offences against rudimentary good breeding, that credulity totters at the husband's tranquil indifference to it.

Lord Leonard is, of course, the central and important person of the book. He kept a diary, into which with characteristic coolness he would pour a deeply analytical and unflattering criticism of the lady who was the one woman in the world to him. Here, we venture to think, Mr. Norris' psychology is at least contestable. Lord Leonard, it is true, might easily have loved the lady without being necessarily blind to her deficiencies of character, but to sit down and at great length to enumerate them for mere personal gratification was a form of

disloyalty that under the circumstances is difficult to credit. The writing is, of course, above reproach, and is always restrained and in places even polished, but it is at the writing, nevertheless, more than at the plot that the reader is inclined to cavil, for the style never for a moment uplifts and transfigures the essentially turpid and trivial theme it handles. Through an excessive avoidance of sentimentality, of anything in fact but a philosophic calm of manner, the aspect of life is here belittled; shorn of any redeeming graciousness, of even a rag of its essential pathos and dignity.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

By BERNARD CAPE.

Historical, dedicated to Mr. Henley "in token of some drastic kindness, some stimulating approval." The subtitle of this, Mr. Cape's tenth book, is "Certain Memoirs of Robin Lois, Ex-Major of His Majesty's 109th Regiment of Foot." It begins characteristically: "Light, for the little flunkey of demigods, dawned in old Provence. It did not augment itself by the flashes of cannon, as, a hundred and thirty leagues away in Royal Versailles, was the case with it on this same 27th of March in the year 1785." (Smith, Elder.)

WORLD'S PEOPLE.

By JULIEN GORDON.

A collection of thirteen stories, including a play, the scene being a drawing-room in New York, and the characters, Helen, "fifty-two, black stuff gown," and Isolt, "her married daughter, twenty-eight, elegant, striking street costume." The following explains the title: "As we turned our horses' heads from Lebanon, we asked a lad, who swung across a gate, the name of a distant village nestled among the hills. 'How can I tell,' drawled the young hypocrite, 'they're world's people.'" (Methuen.)

THE SQUIREEN.

By SHAN F. BULLOCK.

The story of a self-indulgent young Irishman, who, finding himself in difficulties, throws over his true love and marries for money; of the unhappy result and his tragic death. The Rector preached over him a sermon of pure eulogy. "Let the words stand," but could Martin have heard, maybe he had liked more the simpler tribute of his friends: "A bold lad, and he died like a man." (Methuen.)

CROPPIES LIE DOWN.

By W. BUCKLEY.

Historical, dealing with the Irish Rebellion of '98. Mr. Buckley has taken his title "Croppies Lie Down" from the famous song which did for Protestant Ireland what "The Wearing o' the Green" did for the Irish Catholics. The book begins: "The shimmering Slaney waters were radiant with many blended tints of sunset splendour as a cloudless day in May came to a fitting and most perfect close. The murmuring of bees in wayside gardens" &c. (Duckworth.)

FERELITH.

By LORD KILMARNOCK.

A tragic story with a reasonably happy ending, told by one of the chief actors—a woman. "It may seem unnatural that a woman, born in so lowly a station of life as was I, should have attained to any considerable facility with her pen, or had opportunity to discover and cultivate a taste for letters, or an appreciation of style." The plot of the story is on familiar lines, but it is treated with some distinction. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)</i>	17/6
„ <i>Quarterly</i>	5/0
„ <i>Price for one issue</i>	/5

Novelist Poets.

WE are reminded, by the recent publication of "Songs from the Novels of Thomas Love Peacock," of the time when a novelist, who was also a verse-writer, might introduce into his work his own efforts in the more exclusive medium. But that period seems to have passed; the novelist nowadays may write verse, but he does not star his prose with its finer radiance; rather he keeps it for the expression of his personal and most concentrated experience, and gives it to the world with no great hope that the world will take it at its true value. Exceptions there are, of course; Mr. Kipling's verse in point of popularity stands well up to the level of his prose; indeed, its appeal is popular. It exploits no fine philosophy, it reaches, as a rule, to none of those inner chambers of the house of life in which a man's soul broods over the incomprehensible, striving to transmute dust with immortality, or with the fire of faith or hope. Mr. Kipling's genius is essentially personal and dramatic; he touches life profoundly, but he touches it rather as an observer than a participator; one cannot often lay one's finger on a passage and say: "Here speaks to us the individual out of the travail of his own soul." But certain novelist-poets of our own day have so spoken; two are happily with us now, the third has passed into silence: we mean Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson. These three are essentially poets, but poets with qualities of their age and environment which set them upon the wider track of the novel. It is possible that if, say, Keats and Shelley had been of this or the last two generations they, too, might have endeavoured to express themselves in the form of romance; it would not, we think, have been good romance, but it is probable that the current might have swept them in. It is always something of a wonder to us that Browning never wrote a novel—that so acute a mind, so keen and probing an intelligence, should not have attempted expression in the broad fields of fiction. Tennyson, on the other hand, we cannot conceive as a writer of the story in prose, and the same applies to certain of our younger living writers. We do not look to Mr. Davidson or to Mr. Watson or to Mr. Thompson for novels; within very narrow limits it is possible that each might succeed, but the result, we suspect, would be inconsiderable and unequal. Mr. Le Gallienne, with more adaptability, has written a certain kind of romance, but it has been romance without virility, a mere embroidery of sentiment. In "An Old Country House," the latest of his prose ventures, we have sentiment, sentiment, and again sentiment. It is all very pretty, very graceful, very superficial, and there's an end.

But with the poetry of the three men we have named, as with their prose, we touch entirely different ground. Mr. Meredith's philosophy, it is true, has matured, but it has never changed. Always he has insisted upon nature not only as the inspirer, but also as the universal mother, healer, and friend. His is the optimism of renewal, of

growth, of endeavour. Nature never yet betrayed her true and striving children. For the inert, the stubbornly foolish, the craven, she has no pity; participation in her scheme, in her real joy of life, are not for these; she overrides their littleness with the calm indifference of true greatness. To the timid terrors lurk in every shadow, and the worst of all timidity is the timidity of the soul. Such is the lesson of the "Woods of Westernmain," with its terrific and sinister conclusion; such, too, is the lesson of all that packed and sometimes laboured achievement in verse which is Mr. Meredith's evangel. And the meaning of the novels is equally clear; not that Mr. Meredith drives home his reading of life with the wearying insistence of a preacher; his method is to amplify by illustration drawn from every phase of existence, from every experience of the spirit. And always he has at heart that corrective spirit of comedy which checks the too aspiring soul and brings it back to the wholesome facts of earth and our humanity. "Love born of Knowledge" is the test of all:—

And why the sons of Strength have been
Her cherished offspring ever; how
The Spirit served by her is seen
Through Law; perusing love will show.
Love born of Knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as Earth it mates,
The meaning of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates.
For love we Earth, then serve we all;
Her mystic secret then is ours:
We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers
Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire.

In the case of Mr. Meredith the poet is always present, so that we may turn from the pure lyricism of "Love in the Valley" to certain passages in "Beauchamp's Career" or in "Vittoria" without a change of mood. The concluding pages of "Vittoria" reach a height of reserved and penetrative beauty which we find it impossible to read at any time without profound emotion. They are pages which purify and exalt.

To pass from Mr. Meredith to Mr. Hardy is completely to change the outlook; it is to pass from an optimism checked by knowledge to a pessimism which appears equally founded upon knowledge. Yet the experience of the world is with Mr. Meredith rather than with Mr. Hardy,—else, we might suppose, the world would hardly have had the heart to continue an unequal and entirely inglorious fight. Mr. Hardy's gloom, at any rate as expressed in his novels, has grown upon him; there were hints of it in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Woodlanders," but those hints have grown in the later books to be statements of a kind of unmitigated despair. In Mr. Hardy's verse the misery was always present: poems dated 1866 have the note of "Jude the Obscure." As a poet Mr. Hardy will hardly stand comparison with Mr. Meredith or Stevenson; he does not move freely in bonds; indeed, even in prose, he never seems to use his material as a material infinitely plastic, and capable of both wide and subtle gradations. Yet few writers have produced more vital effects, effects all the more powerful because of their uncompromising reality. Glamour Mr. Hardy undoubtedly has, but it is a glamour penetrated by a personality which seems instinctively to disbelieve in the beauty which it is impelled to express. Mr. Hardy's gospel is the gospel of endurance, an endurance without hope and scarcely capable of any happy amelioration. His outlook seems to be as much towards the abyss as that of James Thomson in "The City of Dreadful Night." He is environed, as it were, by the barriers of personality,—which is true of all

of us, but certain barriers may be over-leaped. In "The Imprecipient (at a Cathedral Service)" we read:—

That from this bright believing band
An outcast I should be,
That faiths by which my comrades stand
Seem fantasies to me,
And mirage-mists their Shining Land,
Is a drear destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned
To infelicity,
Why always I must feel as blind
To sights my brethren see,
Why joys they've found I cannot find,
Abides a mystery.

Yet I would bear my shortcomings
With meet tranquillity,
But for the charge that blessed things
I'd liefer have unhe,
O, doth a bird deprived of wings
Go earth-bound wilfully!

Enough. As yet disquiet clings
About us. Rest shall we.

What do those poignant verses lack? The answer must be, sympathetic imagination. And it is in that lack of personal sympathetic imagination that Mr. Hardy's limitations mainly consist. Of dramatic imagination he has no lack at all; yet often he leaves us cold, with a sense of aching misery, as in the conclusion of "I Look Into My Glass":—

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbblings of noontide.

In that condition there should be no sadness, but rather a sense of kingdoms conquered and joy in still unextinguished fire.

Stevenson as a poet has hardly yet come into his own. His extraordinary success as a writer of stirring and brilliant romance has, for the moment, overshadowed his claim to be fully recognised as a poet of rare art and captivating personality. No braver, more human verse has been printed in our time. In a way its philosophy is Mr. Meredith's philosophy, yet it has more of the adventurous in action in it, of "the open road and the bright eyes of danger." Much, perhaps too much, has been written of Stevenson's indomitable courage; we have been told that it is a man's business to be brave, and that in that Stevenson was no greater than other men. And with that statement, no doubt, Stevenson would have been the first to agree. Yet to think of that long list of vivid and alert romances, and then to turn to the three slim volumes of verse, is to be assured that here was a man whose spirit was moulded to the finest issues by fires hardly less scarring than penitential flames:—

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nur in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death:
God, if this were faith?

Yet he still accepted the "iniquitous" lists

With joy, and joy to endure and to be withstood
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good;

and he could also write, in words which carry absolute conviction:—

The breeze from the embalmed land
Blows sudden toward the shore,
And claps my cottage door.
I hear the signal, Lord—I understand.
The night at Thy command
Comes. I will eat and sleep and will not question more.

We have been able to do no more than touch upon certain points in the tendencies of three modern writers, who have chosen to express themselves in the novel form, yet have at the same time given to verse some of their best thoughts and most perfect art. The tendency of all exalted expression is towards poetry, and in an age when the novel reigns it is sometimes well to remember the fact. If the novels of the three writers whom we have particularly considered were suddenly and irrevocably lost to us, we should still find in their verse the essence of all that they had to say.

Books Too Little Known.

The Cuchullin Saga.

A BOOK that is little spoken of, a book that does not make too many concessions to the ordinary reader, and one that is placed among the score of books the present writer would least willingly part with, is that fine piecemeal translation of the Irish Iliad, "The Cuchullin Saga," compiled and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull for Mr. David Nutt's "Grimm Library" (1898). A good deal of attention has been bestowed lately on Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," a popular recension which takes the reader over much the same ground of early Irish romance that Miss Hull's compilation had previously covered. We are by no means ungrateful to Lady Gregory for her enthusiastic labours, and if in point of style and of fidelity to the spirit of the great Irish epic we adjudge her translation inferior to Miss Hull's collected version, let the reader understand that it is not because we rank her book low, but because we place Miss Hull's very high. Lady Gregory has undoubtedly succeeded in the difficult task of boiling and dressing the pagan roast meats to suit a modern table, and her skill has justly earned for her the praise of many hundreds of people who do not demand that the translation shall be absolutely faithful to the spirit of these old Irish pagan Sagas. We therefore hasten to say that nobody can lay an indictment at Lady Gregory's door in asking: What is this spirit of the Irish Iliad that a translator may be true to? Some men will say one thing and some men will say another, and if we venture here to give some reasons why we set Miss Hull's book first and Lady Gregory's second, we do it knowing that Lady Gregory has many skilful champions ranged on her side, such as Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and Mr. Arthur Symonds, champions with whom it is an honour to break a lance.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn in his essay, "Celtic Sagas Retold," has stated the main issue with his usual admirable clearness:—

I had previously essayed it [the story of Cuchulain] several times in the best versions I could come at, and got no pleasure except from the single lay which tells the fate of Deirdre. . . . I owe to Lady Gregory's skill—and thousands will probably acknowledge the same debt—the vision of Cuchulain in his beauty, his terror, his charm. . . . Those who are connoisseurs in literature rather than simply lovers of poetry will prefer the literal version which keeps the quaintness, the crude savour of primitive literature—though for my own part I think that barbarisms, which in the original even of Homer fall naturally into their place, acquire a disturbing salience in translation.

This is excellently put, and it suggests a further question. If Lady Gregory's version does not keep the quaintness, the crude savour of primitive literature, what does it put in its place? Must not the Cuchullin Saga become transformed in its barbaric spirit under the influence of a modern taste that rejects its "crude savour"? We think this is the answer we must arrive at. Mr. Stephen Gwynn

argues that Lady Gregory in her "task of conciliation" has done for the Irish epic what the Welsh bards under Norman influence did for the Mabinogion—but is not the analogy rather stretched? The chasm between our modern civilised society and that ancient Irish society to which the blood-stained tribal forays of the Cuchullin Saga appeared as realities of daily life, is so profound that it may be doubted whether a Victorian can possibly make a "recension" of the sagas of Beowulf's day without destroying their tone. And this is what we think Lady Gregory has done. Admirable her adaptation may indeed be in respect to modern literary taste, admirable in retaining so much of the original beauty and poetry of these early Irish romances, but we must not be surprised if the price we have to pay for appealing or conciliating thousands of modern readers is simply that the very spirit of this barbaric literature has mysteriously and gently transformed itself to please modern requirements. It is not merely that Lady Gregory has omitted "certain amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," artistic "blunders" (in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's phrase), it is not merely that she has (to quote her preface) "left out a good deal that I thought you would not care about for one reason or another"; it is rather that in part by her omissions and condensations, and in part by her adoption of Irish peasant forms of speech, she has actually modernised the original. If we find, then, in her versions generally a certain levelling softness of tone, an affection for colloquialisms in her characters' language, a strong disposition to retain all that goes to make a beautiful picture and a disposition to reject or to modify all that is grimmest, wildest, and most uncompromising, we shall be able to see how this mysterious, and to many readers welcome transformation in the character of the Cuchullin Saga has come about. Let us give a passage from Miss Hull's version which Lady Gregory's passes over almost entirely:—

"THE APPEARANCE OF THE MORRIGU."

MISS HULL'S VERSION, pp. 103, 104.

When Cuchullin lay in sleep in Dún Inrid he heard a cry sounding out of the north, a cry terrible and fearful to his ears. Out of a deep slumber he was aroused by it so suddenly, that he fell out of his bed upon the ground like a sack, in the east wing of the house.

He rushed forth without weapons, until he gained the open air, his wife following him with his armour and his garments. He perceived Laegh in his harnessed chariot coming towards him from Festa Laig in the north. "What brings thee here?" said Cuchullin. "A cry that I heard sounding across the plain," said Laegh. "From which direction?" said Cuchullin. "From the north-west," said Laegh, "across the great highway leading to Caill Cuan." "Let us follow the sound," said Cuchullin.

(We have only space here to give one of the three pages of Cuchullin's conversation with the Morrighu.)

" . . . " said the hero—

"I shall strike down their warriors.
I shall fight their battles.
I shall survive the Tain!"

"How wilt thou manage that?" said the woman, "for when thou art engaged in a combat with a man as dexterous, as terrible, as untiring, as noble, as brave, as great as thyself, I will become an eel, and I will throw a noose round thy feet in the ford, so that heavy odds will be against thee." "I swear by the God by whom the Ultonians swear," said Cuchullin, "that I will bruise thee against a green stone of the ford; and thou never shall have any remedy from me if thou leavest me not." "I shall also become a grey wolf for thee, and I will take (. . . ?) from thy right hand, as far as thy left arm." "I will encounter thee with my spear," said he, "until thy left or right eye is forced out; and thou shall never have help from me if thou leavest me not." "I will become a white, red-eared cow," said she, "and I will go into the pond beside the ford, in which thou art in deadly combat with a man as skilful in fents as thyself, and a hundred white, red-eared cows behind me," &c. &c.

Now, when Mr. Yeats says (and I must here own to be an old friend of Mr. Yeats and an admirer of his work) in his preface to Lady Gregory's book:—

Lady Gregory has done her work of compression and selection so firmly and reverently that I cannot believe that anybody, except for a scientific purpose, will need another text than this, or than the version of it the Gaelic League has begun to publish in modern Irish—

I must beg leave to differ from his conclusions with a reverent and a humble firmness. The force, the meaning, the quality, the very essence and genius of the Irish original, "The Appearance of the Morrighu," is done away with in Lady Gregory's adaptation. The wild, fierce, free spirit of Irish paganism is attenuated, and something that is prudently English has taken its place. Lest anybody should infer that we are judging Lady Gregory on the evidence of a single passage we invite our readers to turn to others, such as—

The Death of Deirdré. Miss Hull, p. 53. Lady Gregory, p. 139. The Wooing of Emer. Miss Hull, p. 62. Lady Gregory, p. 22. Mesgegra's Combat with Conall. Miss Hull, pp. 92, 93. Lady Gregory (no version given). Calatin's Children. Miss Hull, pp. 240, 251. Lady Gregory, p. 330.

And they will find that for the racy flavour of the original version a somewhat tame, over-refined, and semi-modern abbreviation has been substituted. We do not blame Lady Gregory for these abbreviations. She herself says in her preface "I have left out a good deal that I thought that you would not care about for one reason or another," and if she has not rendered faithfully the savage fierceness of the Morrighu and has passed over entirely the wonderful combat between Mesgegra and Conall *cernach*, it is only fair to say that Miss Hull has also had a moment of weakness, and in "The Wooing of Emer" has thought it fit "to omit a few passages that might wound modern susceptibilities." Really, these modern susceptibilities! how beautiful they are, and how unnecessary! What an extraordinary thing it is that an age which delights in the "Visits of Elizabeth" should find it necessary to blush, and turn away its innocent head from the chaste severity of thirty lines in a barbaric saga! Miss Hull has, however, had the great good sense to see that the racy version of Dr. Whitley Stokes' "Siege of Howth" must be retained, and as we consider that the combat of Mesgegra with Conall *cernach* is one of the finest things in the whole Cuchullin cycle, so free, wild, savage is it, yet recounted with a strange delicacy, we extract the episode which Lady Gregory omits:—

Now as he went out of the ford, westwards, Conall *cernach* "the Victorious" entered it from the east. "Art thou there, O Mesgegra?" said Conall. "I am here," said the King; . . . "I claim my brothers from thee," said Conall. "I do not carry them (i.e. their skulls) in my girdle," said Mesgegra. "That is a pity," said Conall. "It were not champion-like," said Mesgegra, "to fight with me, who have but one hand." "My hand shall be tied to my side," said Conall. Triply was Conall *cernach's* hand tied to his side. And each smote the other till the river was red with their blood. But the sword-play of Conall prevailed. "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall," said Mesgegra, "till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." . . . Then Conall got alone into his chariot, and his charioteer into Mesgegra's chariot. They go forward then into Nachtar Fine till they meet fifty women, namely Buan, Mesgegra's wife, with her maidens, coming southwards from the border. "Whose art thou, O woman?" said Conall. "I am the wife of Mesgegra, the King." "It hath been enjoined on thee to come with me," said Conall. "Who hath enjoined me?" said the woman. "Mesgegra," said Conall. "Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said she. "Behold his chariot and his horses," said Conall. "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," said the woman. "Behold then his head," said Conall. "Now am I lost to him!" she said, &c.

For the superb ending we must refer the reader to Miss Hull's book.

Now this is as characteristic of the aristocratic pagan Irish in its quality as the chapter "Skarphedinn's Death" in "The Story of Burnt Njal" is characteristically Norse. It is both fierce and tender, wild and refined in its feeling. Note how the bardic narrator, unlike the Scandinavian scalds, is on the side of the conquered man, and how Buan, Mesgregra's wife, is not allowed to fall into the conqueror's hand. How subtle and noble is Mesgregra's acknowledgment of his defeat: "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall, till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." That touch of the King allowing his gillie to sleep first, the proud response of Buan to Conall, "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," the incisive artistic shaping of this tragic episode, so savagely strong yet so delicate—all this suggests that any touch of superadded nineteenth century softening culture on the translator's part would be precisely its artistic destruction. Now this translation we owe to Dr. Whitley Stokes, and it is the translation of a master. The most superb passage in Lady Gregory's and in Miss Hull's compilations is undoubtedly the Death of Cuchullin, and on comparing them closely, though we own to a preference for Miss Hull's, we find that both ladies have followed Dr. Whitley Stokes so closely that the glory of the achievement is his and no other's. After some little experience of the translations of Irish romances put forward by the little band of learned scholars, we have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's versions seem to us to set a standard which surpasses all others. Dr. Joyce and Dr. Hyde and Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady have done most excellent work, each in their separate departments, but we can find nothing in "Old Celtic Romances," "A Literary History of Ireland," or in "Silva Gadelica" to touch Dr. Whitley Stokes and Dr. Kuno Meyer's specimen tales from "The Cuchullin Saga," or the last mentioned scholar's "The Vision of MacConglinne." If the reader really wants to taste the wild flavour, the free charm of early and mediæval Irish literature, he must turn to the Cuchullin saga and to MacConglinne vision. If he wants to understand the charm of Irish peasant poetry he must turn to Dr. Hyde's Connacht Love Songs (the prose versions); if he wishes to understand how the old Celtic romances lived on as an abiding tradition in the rougher peasant minds of the Gaelic-speaking population he must turn to "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition."

To conclude, "The Cuchullin Saga," though it can be examined and enjoyed in Miss Hull's compilation, exists there only in piecemeal and skeleton form. What we want most is the translation of the central tale, "The Tain Bo Cuailgne," promised by the German scholar, Dr. Windisch; and next what we want is a translation of many of those romances marked in Miss Hull's chart of the Cuchullin Saga as extant but untranslated. How many years are we to wait? It is melancholy to think that the noblest and the greatest literature Ireland has produced is in the earliest, the most pagan cycle. Therefore it is that we fear any modernisation of its spirit. "Amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," can be cleared away from the context along with genealogical catalogues and mere topographical information; but the tone, the tone of the Irish Iliad ought to be no less sacred than the tone of the great classics. And the Cuchullin Saga is to Ireland what the Edda is to Iceland, or the Nibelungen Lied is to Germany. You cannot improve on the tone of the Irish bards of the eleventh century. You can adapt them for the use of people who cannot assimilate the spirit of the original, and it is this feat that Lady Gregory has skillfully performed. We repeat we are not ungrateful to Lady Gregory, we feel sure that her adaptations will open the eyes of many thousands of people who would

never have heard of Cuchullin but for her aid; but we hope that her readers will make further explorations, and journey on till they can appreciate Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's incomparable versions. Meanwhile we ask for an expanded edition of Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga." Let Mr. Nutt see to it, and let those who want fine literature not rest till they have read and made acquaintance with "The Cuchullin Saga" and with "The Vision of MacConglinne." EDWARD GARNETT.

Impressions.

XIX.—Progress.

It was long since I had seen the old man. How had the winter served him? If, as I feared, rheumatism had held him to his cottage through the wet weeks, then my news would cheer. For as I walked through the woods I had met the first signs of spring—here a crocus just pushing through the earth, there a primrose, and in a cottage garden a splash of yellow aconite. Spring was coming. That was something to tell him.

But the cottage was empty, so I climbed the hill, sure that I knew where to find him. He was sitting on a log, but there was that in his face that checked speech. In truth it was an ill-pleasing sight that met my eyes. Trees littered the ground on every side: some lay undisturbed where they fell, on others the saw had already been at work, and in the midst of the clearing a great excavation was being dug for the new reservoir. The men had ceased work for the day, but their paraphernalia for digging was scattered about, and everything was smirched with the oozy yellow clay. That clearing in the wood was like a battlefield with fallen trees instead of men, and Jonathan, who had known those trees all his life, felt their death as if they had been comrades. Time, of course, would make all seemly. Far below I could see other reservoirs, three of them, that had been finished many years, and already new trees were growing about their banks. Very beautiful, from that height, looked the still blue water that filled those old reservoirs. This I hinted to Jonathan, but he was too old to permit the future to atone for the present. "I've known them trees," he said, "for seventy years, and to see them now lying there, and the saw going at them, why—it's cruel. Water, more water, what do simple folk want with a constant supply? I've drawn all the water I want from the well since I was a boy, and I've sat under them trees all my life. Now they're being cut up into planks; and folk will forget that there were ever any trees here. There was a piece of poetry you once read to me about asking the earth not to forget." I humoured him:—

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
Forget not the forgotten!

"Go on," he said—

Imperial Future, when in countless train
The generations lead thee to thy throne,
Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown.

He rose and led the way through the wood where here we saw a primrose, and there a crocus, but the old man was not in the mood to welcome spring. On he strode making for the Father of the Forest, and I knew whither he was going. He paused before the old oak, and gazed mutely at the great trunk. "You can't tell how old this tree be. Five hundred years growing, five hundred years standing still, and five hundred years decay. This one's waiting. He hasn't growed for a hundred years." The old man looked up at the branches, then said quietly—"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Drama.

The Dislike of Tragedy.

THE theme of "The Light that Failed," if I understand it correctly, is one which Mr. Kipling has used elsewhere, and which lends itself eminently to dramatic treatment. It is a theme of conflict, the conflict upon the stage of the human soul, limited by its "here" and "now," of two assertive and aggressive instincts, which may be conveniently named the pride of work and the pride of life. It is perhaps in the artist type, although by no means in that alone, as "The Story of the Gadsbys," not to speak of a much greater achievement, Mr. Meredith's "Modern Love," shows, that this conflict is most clearly defined. Dick Helder and Maisie, who in childhood have wandered the sea-shore and dreamed their dreams together, are both artists. The formative years have separated them. But Dick at least has not forgotten, and when, after the strenuous life of a special correspondent and painter of battle-pictures, he meets Maisie again, the memory flames into a passion. Dick has a big soul. There is room within it for the pride of life and the pride of work to coexist. He can paint and love at once; and the service of his lady spurs him on to his masterpiece, the picture of Melancholia. But Maisie is made of smaller stuff. She, too, would have fame, and is painting a rival Melancholia. She is exquisite, but her nature is essentially a hard and narrow one, and the artistic ambition wholly occupies it, leaving no margin for the play of the human forces. She accepts all Dick's services and devotion, and gives nothing in return but thanks and the sweetest of smiles. The stresses are in equilibrium, until a new impulse brings about a crisis. Dick becomes the sport of one of those grim jests of destiny, whose activity is sufficiently normal in human affairs not to be out of place in a typical picture. An Arab sword-cut received in the Soudan brings upon him, first the horror of blindness, staved off temporarily by alcohol while he finishes the Melancholia, and then, at a blow, blindness itself. The artist is broken. Dick is thrown back upon the man, and the man means inevitably Maisie. Does Maisie respond? Obviously not: Maisie is what she is. The stroke of destiny, which has shattered Dick's being to the foundations, has left her unscathed. Her art, which, as irony will have it, is actually worth nothing at all, is still everything to her; and from the studio near Paris, to which she has retired, she makes no sign. There is no choice for Dick but to creep into the darkness, alone, as best he may. In Mr. Kipling's original version of the story, if I remember aright, he does not, strictly speaking, creep, but gallops, with the lust of blood before his eyes, on a camel, in the Soudan.

Well, the motive is not unfit to move the heart with that grave and composed terror which is the end of tragedy. How then does it bear transplantation into the conditions of a popular play by George Fleming, with "sympathetic" parts for Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, at the Lyric? The piece is not without its merits, even apart from those which are merely a matter of mimicry. Unfortunately they are almost all of an episodic character. All the part concerning Bessie Broke, the girl whom Dick picks off the streets and who destroys his Melancholia by way of revenge because he has kept his friend Torpenhow out of her arms, is excellently done. But the destruction of the picture does not affect the issues of the play one whit. Torpenhow is good, too, and the red-haired girl, Maisie's friend, who does love Dick, hopelessly. These, too, are comparatively unessential, and I cannot persuade myself that what really matters is well done at all. The first act, which ought to make it clear what a fine fellow, potentially, Dick was, actually only shows him already suffering from the effects of the Arab sword cut and calling

out for Maisie and the glory of the world in a delirium. For the rest, it is devoted to a miscellaneous all-round-the-shop conversation by a number of war-correspondents at the door of a tent, which suggests itself as a rather ridiculous parody of many similar conversations by white-shirt-fronted gentlemen over the cigarettes and wine in the plays of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Oscar Wilde. The passage about Dick's struggle to keep body and soul together in London and achieve success upon a diet of sausage and mashed potatoes, which helps in the book to show the grit he is made of, is left out of the play. The result is that he has hardly captured one's sympathies before they are called upon to grapple with the big scene in which his eyesight goes. The effectiveness of this is further spoilt by the fact that he is represented as under the influence of drink throughout, a device which is rarely successful on the stage, and by which more is certainly lost in the present case than is gained. I have, however, hitherto concealed the great and crowning crime—*il gran rifiuto*—of the whole performance. The tragedy is not allowed to be a tragedy at all. The inevitable and holy sequence of cause and effect is suspended. Maisie's conduct is deflected from the straight line which her character inexorably prescribes for her. At the news of Dick's blindness, brought by the faithful Torpenhow, she throws up her art, hurries back to London, flings herself into his arms, confesses her past naughtiness, and undertakes to make amends with the devotion of her future. And so we file into the street, those at least of us, the great majority, who have no fear of truth before our eyes, with the tear of pathos still wet upon our cheeks and a glow of satisfied sentimentality in our hearts.

Now, it is of no use for me to point out to Mr. Kipling and to Miss Fletcher that, Maisie being what she was, this end cannot really be the end, and that the sudden softening of her hard and selfish little heart can only operate to defer Dick's tragedy, not to annul it. Of course they know that as well as I do, and they only pervert the truth out of a belief, whether well or ill-founded, that the London public will not stand tragedy. On Mr. Kipling's part in the matter I do not wish to dwell. He has Sir Pandarus of Troy become. It is contemptible, and there is an end of it. But what I do want to say is, that if this estimate of the taste of the public is the true one (and about that I am not at all sure), if even the *prestige* of two such attractive players as Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Elliott will not induce the average Londoner to subdue his soul to the purifying and chastening influences of tragedy for a couple of hours now and again, then what is one to do but despair of the salvation of the drama through the commercial theatre, and throw in one's lot with those who aspire to work out that salvation upon some other basis than that of the cash nexus and the haggles of the market? What that basis is to be is a difficult question enough. The deadening influences and inevitable classical bias of State endowment hardly commend themselves, and such experiments as the Stage Society seem generally to perish of a surfeit of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Perhaps the Guild of Letters, which Mr. Herbert Trench so manfully advocates in the columns of "The Author," will come to the rescue, and provide us with a stage which is at once reverent, modern, and sincere.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Leonardo the Persistent.

"THAT vast dark continent 'called Leonardo." I do not know who originated this expressive phrase, but it came back to me on reading that the items at the sale of the late Lionel Johnson's library included a series of first

editions of Walter Pater's works, notably "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." It may be due to early associations, but there has always seemed to be a subtle bond of sympathy between Leonardo da Vinci and Pater. His essay is but thirty odd pages, but how it shines across "that dark, vast continent called Leonardo," lighting the tracks, and illuminating facets, if not revealing all the personality of that strange genius. Certain phrases linger in the memory—"he was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings"; or "curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces of Leonardo's genius"; or perhaps that magical page interpreting the meaning of "Mona Lisa": "It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. . . . She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her . . . ;" or perhaps that last page of the essay where Pater pauses, just for a moment, to consider the precise form of Leonardo's religion, and to ask whether Francis the First was present at his death, and straightway forgets these questions in speculating "how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such definite and precise forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity."

Leonardo's life, says Pater, in a sudden facing of facts, has three divisions—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering. His sojourn at Milan is fixed in the memory of every visitor to that city. All go out to the Church of Saint Mary of the Graces and gaze at what is left of the "Last Supper" painted on the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts. Perhaps some still have the curiosity to read Goethe's elaborate description and criticism of this picture, which is certainly Leonardo's own, as is the "Mona Lisa" at the Louvre; but the higher criticism looks askance at "Our Lady of the Rocks" in the National Gallery. Curious it is how this man who was painter, poet, sculptor, architect, mechanist, mathematician, philosopher and explorer, crosses the path of the modern. I pick up a book on "The Early Mountaineers": I open it at random and find the well-known portrait of Leonardo reproduced from the drawing by himself. It faces a chapter containing an account of Leonardo as a mountaineer, based on certain fragmentary passages from his literary works which give an account of his ascent of "Monboso, a peak of the Alps which divide France from Italy." Numerous articles have been written endeavouring to identify "Monboso," and numerous articles are now being written on a delightful book, just published, which attempts a fresh exploration of "that vast dark continent called Leonardo." That book is Mr. Theodore A. Cook's "Spirals in Nature and Art" published by Mr. Murray.

The sub-title of this volume has ten lines to itself, but let not the lay reader be deterred by those seventy odd words, or by the title. Or by Mr. Cook's too modest statement that he knows "little history, less architecture, scarcely any mathematics, and no morphology or botany whatever." He knows a good deal of all these subjects: he also has enthusiasm, and the power to stimulate the imagination of the reader. The gravest charge that can be brought against him is that he has attempted to prove what can be neither proved nor disproved. Architecture is his hobby: the study of its beauty and wonder has filled many of his days: from sheer love and interest in the art he has trespassed on the lands that the professional architect regards as his own tillage. Had Mr. Cook been content just to write a text-book upon Spiral

Formations in Nature and Art he would have produced a reliable handbook on a fascinating subject, and his reward would have been a few lines of criticism in small type in half-a-dozen journals. But he also has imagination, there is something of the poet in him; these qualities, although vastly to the advantage of the unprofessional reader, have brought down on him the reproaches of the pedants who, while peering earnestly into undergrowth, are apt to forget to look up at the sky above the trees.

The structure of the book is best explained by relating an anecdote. One day at a dinner of biologists at Oxford Mr. Cook produced for inspection an engraving of the beautiful spiral staircase in the wing of Francois the First, Château de Blois, Touraine. A member of the party, after looking closely at the engraving, announced that the curves upon the central column of the staircase were, what do you think? identical with those of *Voluta vesperilio*. Most guests would have nodded, smiled intelligently, and been content to forget this scrap of learning. Not so Mr. Cook: he desired to know more, and dared to hint at his "ignorance of what *Voluta* might be." A specimen of the shell was procured, a longitudinal incision was made, and the four-fold spiral upon the columella was revealed. This chance discovery made an indelible impression on the mind of "the unlearned guest." The conversation flitted away from shells and staircases, but the connection between shells and staircases remained with him. The possibility that the staircase at Blois had been originally suggested by a shell turned his thoughts to other spiral staircases and other shells. Thus the germ of the book: soon it was to grow from within to without as a book should.

Then Leonardo the persistent flashed his personality across the author's vision in this wise. The man who owned this shell and made the staircase was surely an architect of powerful originality and an artist of extraordinary imagination—"a student of biology who collected natural objects with a determination to penetrate the secret of their beauty," and who used them as models for his designs. He must have been a student of nature, who went straight to the source instead of dipping his cup into the river muddied by the paddling and splashing of other men, and, above all, he must have been a man in whom the instinct, and the desire, for beauty was paramount. Such a man was Leonardo da Vinci who died in exile at Amboise, some twenty miles from Blois, a year or two after this very staircase was begun.

Having decided that Leonardo designed the Blois staircase, Mr. Cook set out, if not actually to prove his hypothesis, at least to produce such a weight of ingenious evidence as might convince imaginative minds. He examined the Leonardo manuscripts and proceeded to show in this volume how profoundly Leonardo had studied the spiral in the growth of flowers, the eddying of water, the flight of birds, and the forms of smoke and dust. But that is not all. The staircase at Blois is a left-handed spiral, a formation rare both in architecture and nature. Leonardo was a left-handed man who wrote all his manuscripts from right to left, and ninety per cent. of the screws and spirals contained in his manuscripts are left-handed spirals. But it may be urged that the spiral in the *Voluta vesperilio* is right-handed. True, but in one case in a million the spiral in the *Voluta vesperilio* is left-handed. Nobody would take the trouble to preserve or carry about with him one of the ordinary shells, but a specimen with the rare sinistral helix would be a possession that any man would value, particularly Leonardo who delighted in the rare and the strange. One of these rare examples, Mr. Cook suggests, Leonardo may have brought with him from the seaboard of Italy where it is found. And he may have used it as a model for the Blois staircase.

If Mr. Cook's voyage into "that vast dark continent called Leonardo" is in some respects imaginative rather than scientific, he has written a book that, if it actually

proves nothing, arouses in the reader's mind a rich train of thought. It may also suggest to some craftsmen the wisdom and the advantage of studying nature herself instead of taking her at fourth or four-hundredth hand. At any rate, it turns our minds again to Leonardo, of whom Prof. Ray Lancaster says: "Never has so much talent been united in one man."

C. L. H.

Science.

Fratricide Fore-ordained.

It would be an intelligible position to assert that a writer upon influenza, under the heading of "Science," was utilizing a convenient pseudonym. And certainly we are here embarked upon deep and uncertain waters. No furthest extension of a nice exactitude is possible in discussing, even from the academic standpoint, a battle waged between the highest and the lowest forms of living matter. Such is this; man, the highest representative of animal life, fights with a unicellular plant of the simplest and most elemental form; and, with an eye to the combatant with whom are our sympathies, we call the conflict influenza. The issue, however, rests more directly with the influence of the animal upon the invading plant, than with the influence of the plant upon the animal, though to anyone but the bacteriologist such a statement may appear to be hardly so much a paradox as an actual absurdity.

Perhaps one may demonstrate that science recognises this domestic fray, by giving its weapons the semblance, at least, of mathematical form. Thirty years ago there was not a printed page upon bacteriology in the British Museum. To-day there are upon its shelves four hundred volumes dealing exclusively with that vastly important science. Of these almost the very latest contains an equation which concerns influenza, and every other bacterial disease. It runs thus:—

$$D = \frac{MVN}{R}$$

Now, it would be idle to pretend that a science which deals with the inter-action of hostile forms of life, forms, too, so mutually remote in structure and activity, can ever become exact. Yet this equation represents some approximation to theoretical exactness. *D*, the disease, equals *M*, the micro-organism (or "germ"), multiplied by *V*, its virulence, multiplied by *N*, its number: the product being divided by *R*, the resistance of the individual attacked. The analogy is obvious, of course, to Ohm's familiar law, represented by the equation—

$$C = \frac{E}{R}$$

—the current equals the electro-motive force divided by the resistance. If one realizes the plane of complexity with which the bacteriological "equation" deals, one will recognize how valuable is an expression of the case which represents any parallel, however distant, to such a simple affair of physics as the law of Ohm.

All this may well appear unrelated to the silly nonsense of current print about influenza. Nor is my right to deal with influenza in this series in any way supported by popular parley. Such absurd phrases as "a touch of influenza," "an influenza cold," and the like, are so far from having any relation to science or "systematized knowledge" as to appear rather to form part of some too superfluous scheme for systematizing ignorance. Furthermore, it is supposed that a real grasp of the subject of influenza is obtainable from such a source as the history

of its name. To know that the Italians called it "influenza" in allusion to some supposed malign supernatural influence, and that the French called it "la grippe" in a spirit of more immediate metaphor, and that its titular patronymic is "Russian influenza"—all this is, we imagine, to be quite remarkably well-informed upon the subject. So, perhaps, I may make venture with a fact or two.

The disease known as influenza is due to, or, rather, consists in, the invasion of the human body by a minute plant, which was discovered several years ago by a German bacteriologist named Pfeiffer, and was named by him the *bacillus influenzae*. It follows that one either has influenza or has it not. The bacillus is either there or it is not. Surely that is plain enough. "Bacillus" is, of course, simply the Latin word meaning a "little rod": and the *bacillus influenzae* is a rod-shaped cell somewhere about one eight-thousandth of an inch long. It has no visible nucleus. In other words, its visible structure is so lowly as not even to comprise the first differentiation of living matter into nuclear and non-nuclear protoplasm. It multiplies by simple splitting, initiated, no doubt, by the nuclear matter which we must believe to be spread throughout its substance. So far the thing is simple enough, and it would be natural to conclude that if this creature multiplies in you or me we shall, *ipso facto*, suffer from influenza. Such an assumption would ignore the first principle that life depends upon chemical processes. Similarly influenza depends upon the peculiarities of the vital chemistry of the bacillus of Pfeiffer. And since by these we suffer, we call the bacillary products poisons or, to use the Greek, toxins. These toxins are organic compounds of great complexity, probably varying in different generations of the bacillus. This difference of toxicity is expressed in the *V* (virulence) of the equation. Influenza is the result upon the patient, as a whole, of the interference with his normal chemistry produced by the interaction of the chemical products of his cells and the chemical products of the invading cells. In some peculiar subtlety of this struggle is to be sought the explanation of the familiar fact that influenza may take so many forms. It is, indeed, the type of a Protean disease.

What follows is simple enough to relate, though its details are beyond our ken. The toxin has its brief day, and then, fittingly enough, the very cells of the patient (whichever, in the particular case, they happen to be) that suffered most by its ravages, have their revenge. They produce a new substance, which arrests the multiplication of the bacillus, deprives it, somehow, of its fuel or its oxygen, and ultimately kills it outright. This substance we very naturally call the antitoxin. One point further. Influenza never directly caused a death yet. In other words, uncomplicated influenza is a non-fatal disease. In yet other words (for there are many ways of phrasing such problems as these), the antitoxin is always produced in time. But the disturbance of cell-chemistry is so profound that if another invader enter at this moment, as, for example, the germ of pneumonia, this time the besieged cells, weariedly facing an unexhausted foe, fail, only too often, to supply the second antitoxin in time.

Let us recall, for a moment, the equation: *D*, the disease influenza, consists in *M*, the micro-organism or bacillus of Pfeiffer; *V*, its virulence, or the variety of influenza toxin it can produce—allied, I may note, to the ptomaines of meat—and *N*, its number or the dose of that poison; all these divided by *R*, the resistance, or power of producing antitoxin, possessed by the body cells of the individual attacked.

Yet, after all this prosaic detail, we return to the real question underlying influenza. And what is that? Well, it depends on your point of view. If there is influenza in your house or mine, the real question for us is, how shall we bring into the house so much poison as shall kill this little vegetable, lest haply it kill us. Poison I call it, for

so it is to the bacillus. Antiseptic and disinfectant we call it. Nor do we nicely debate our right to slay and spare not.

So the real question, as I take it, is this: Here we all are, we cells or societies of cells, held to our common Mother by a force, a law absolute, eternal, immutable. We are all in the same boat upon the universal ocean, the germs and we. Our origin is common; from the circumpolar sea, the first to cool and render life supportable—we are told. Yet not born perchance; assuredly, not perchance are we. And if not to an end, and a common end, then the sun, our common need, is a goblin, and not only Rossetti's type, but we all make him so, we, men and microbes, and the rest of the living race. With the very breath of our nostrils enters the influenza bacillus, and if it can flourish and multiply, why should it not? It must fight or die; and why should it die? Did not our Maker give it life? And yet if it survive, what of us? Are we to die, and now? And so it is war without mercy, and the battlefield is our Mother's bosom, now become our "Isle of Terror." Well may the poet say:—

So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

And I write under a word which suggests that I "know," and flaunt my clumsy pompous polysyllables, and jeer at those whose words have four letters where mine claim five; and treat, with a would-be pretty wit, of influenza as a combat; and "explain" forsooth, the unknown in terms of the unknowable; and leave the real question unanswered. Why, why this accursed slaughter? Thus, science to-day leads the human mind so far and leaves it faint, sick with the smell of blood. Faint, do I say? This rather. Faint, yet pursuing.

C. W. SALEERY.

Correspondence.

Spadework.

SIR,—The point which you somehow miss of my last letter was that there is no ground for supposing the Cretan scripts to be more alphabetical than the cuneiform. As the tablets on which they appear have not yet been deciphered, one cannot speak with certainty, but their likeness to the Cypriote signs suggests that, like them, the Cretan forms a syllabary and not an alphabet. Their discoverer, Dr. Arthur Evans, did not, I think, go further in his recent lectures than to suggest that the Cretan pictographs were the source whence the forms, and perhaps the names, of certain hitherto unexplained signs in the Phœnician alphabet were derived. Hence Phœnicia rather than Crete was the birthplace of the alphabet. But the Phœnicians on their own showing were an Assyrian colony, and everything, therefore, points to Babylonia as the first home of writing, and perhaps of all the other elements of culture as well. This is the view that I have repeatedly advocated in your columns, which must be my apology for troubling you with this correspondence.—Yours, &c.,

F. LEGGE.

6, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

Matthew Arnold and Bishop Wilson.

SIR,—May I point out to "The Bookworm" that it was the "Maxims of Piety and Christianity," not the "Sacra Privata," which Matthew Arnold (in his Preface to "Culture and Anarchy") so strongly recommended—regretting that they were not, like the "Sacra Privata," in circulation. In consequence, apparently, of that appeal the S.P.C.K. republished the "Maxims" in 1869. "Some

of the best things from the 'Maxims'" (Matthew Arnold wrote) "have passed into the 'Sacra Privata,' still in the 'Maxims' we have them as they arose. . . . I am not saying a word against the 'Sacra Privata,' for which I have the highest respect; only the "Maxims" seem to be a better and more edifying book still." In view of a judgment which ranks it in some respects above the "Imitation," and of its scarcity, I hope we may have a reprint of the "Maxims" as well as of the "Sacra Privata."—Yours, &c.,

Paul, France.

C. H. MINCHIN.

"Wanted a Word."

SIR,—May it not be considered somewhat in the nature of a "wild-goose chase" to hunt a generic term for the various antecedents to "sequel"—all extremely tenacious of appropriate appellation! For instance, it were scarcely in the fitness of things to speak of a man's poverty as the *prelude* to his suicide. Moreover, by the way, does *prelude* necessarily imply *consequence*? Shakespeare speaks of Cassio's intoxication as being "evermore the *prologue* to his sleep," wherein it is curious to observe the dramatist betraying the "dyer's hand," when here, *prelude* might have better served, for the propriety of *prologue* is obviously dependent upon the articulatory condition of Cassio's "cups"—cases having been known to which the term "speechless" applied. Again, if for a moment it be permissible to suppose the dramatist—"in his cups" or otherwise—stumbling upon "*cause* to his sleep," then assuredly, apart from scansion, "equivocation" had "undone" him. "We must speak by the card!" The question, however, remains of the "Sequel" family being bifurcated—*propter* and *non-propter* branches, resulting in further ramifications!

"When is a sequel not a sequel?" Might not that prove an interesting and profitable subject of enquiry?—I am, Sir, yours *consequentially*,

A. J. E.

SIR,—For the information of those interested I extract the following from a list of Zola's works, published by the defunct firm of Messrs. Vizetelly & Co.:

The "Assommoir" (The Prelude to "Nana").

I, however, think "precess" a word preferable to "prelude."—Yours, &c.,

T. A.

"The Famous Scene."

SIR,—In the review of d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" in the *ACADEMY* of the 17th of January, the following sentence appears: "The famous scene of the fatal kiss and declaration between the lovers is treated with a classic simplicity and reserve which, powerfully acted, should make it the most effective in the play."

It might be interesting to your reviewer to learn that this scene as acted by Duse in New York was, to a young but not infrequent playgoer, the sweetest and most genuinely poetic interpretation of a love passage that it has ever been his pleasure to see on many stage.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DUNCAN, Jun.,

University Club,
Fifth Avenue and 54th Street, New York.

Librarian.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 177 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best imaginary criticism by a deceased author on a book by any living author. We award the prize to the Rev. R. F. McCausland, Hawsker Vicarage, Whitby, for the following:—

JOHN BUNTAN ON LORD WILLIAM NEVILL'S "PENAL SERVITUDE."

So a Lordling hath had experience of the Den! But methinks he fared well, and hath but little cause of Complaint. His unwholesome Food, now and then, was but a Fly in the Ointment of his gentle imprisonment. Tainted Food was my frequent Portion, albeit I recked it not, having manna and to spare that such as he boot not of. Will this Book make a Traveller of any Wight? Shall the Slothful be active thereby, or the Blind see delightful things therein? I trow not. This Nobleman seems to have had no Dreams but those of Escape betimes, from his deserved Penance. He longeth only to join again those whose Paradise is this naughty World. It was with Quails that I published the Adventures of my Pilgrim. Was this my lord ever in that Quandary?

"Some said, John, print it; others said not so;
Some said it might do good; others said, No."

Hath he brought out these Memoirs for the Carnal Declaration of Mr. Badman and his sort? My Old-Honest would rate them at the value of a Broadsheet printed with the vapourings of a peevish Malefactor. What hath he done, but rake into a Book the Straw, small Sticks, and Dust of the Floor of his late Dungeon?

Other replies follow:—

MRS. SHERWOOD'S ON "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

It seems to me strange that the taste of the day should be gratified by the portraiture of such a female character as Elizabeth in her German garden. To the mind of a sensitive gentlewoman there is something positively unrefined in her actions and conversation. I must confine my remarks to her alone, for it would be vastly distasteful to dwell upon her friends. The pertness of these young Misses is such that one shrinks from its contemplation. Of Elizabeth herself, I will speak briefly under the following headings:—1. As Wife—This painful theme can be dismissed with few words. Where, I ask, is wifely devotion, wifely submission, wifely care? I find traces of none. By a flippant nickname alone is the husband designated, and his absence from home hailed with positive pleasure that Elizabeth may the better indulge in her strange antics out of doors. Secondly, as housewife her character is little less to be deplored. Surely the most obvious avocations of any notable female are the reception of guests, the ordering of her household, the plenishing of the still-room. Yet this eccentric person neglects them all. She treats her neighbours with sauciness, and her servants (except the gardener) with neglect, while her only household expenditure appears to consist in the purchase of herbaceous stuffs.

In fine, I think this Mrs. Elizabeth would do well to learn that her position as wife and mistress is of vastly more importance than that of posturing as a female Hodge in the garden.

[M. J., Bristol.]

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS ON THE PLAYS OF IBSEN.

This morning to St. Paul's Churchyard, to my booksellers, where I stayed above an hour reading the play of "The Doll's House," by one Ibsen, a Dutchman, but brought it not away, it costing too dear for my purse. And it do seem to me nothing so fine as the play which I saw lately of "The Silent Woman"; and all the play about a woman who took conceit that in minding of her house she was none better than a doll, and she mighty ill-content thereat, although very civilly used by her husband; a strange play, as I think, and I would not have my wife see it. And in the same book another play of "Ghosts," full of all the roguish things imaginable; and in it a man do fall in love with a serving-wench, and a great to-do about this, his mother being minded how his father once did the like, and she not liking it; and presently, because the wench will not have him he do become spleenetic, and falls to crying for the sun, which do seem to me a poor, silly ending. And all the talk very poor and simple, and not one good line in the whole, so that I hope it will never come to be acted at the Cockpit.

[D. M., Streatham.]

DR. JOHNSON ON DIANA OF THE CAUSEWAYS.—A PARAGRAPH FROM BOSWELL.

Sir, there is nothing to command respect in this young woman's manner of conducting her life, though there may be somewhat to awaken solicitude for those with whom it is involved. Flown from her natural protector, upon grounds for which she cannot be

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"An excellent story, well told, full of light and shade, humour and pathos, and exhibiting some careful character drawing."—*Warwick Standard*.

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accounted blameless, it occasions no surprise that she should presently betray a secret. The author is right in this particular, although wrong in all others. No woman, unless indeed she be a queen, can be properly entrusted with affairs of State. Diana is a fool, if she is not a knave, and the less knavish you make her, so much the more is she a fool. By what I can gather from the author's philosophic comments, I perceive him to be inwardly supporting her throughout, for he joins her in marriage with the best man in the story; a good man, but a fool like herself. The universe has no need for such upholdings, and Providence disowns them. . . . The style of this amazing volume is on a level with its purport: the first offends the ear, and hinders the understanding; the second revolts a man's sense of rectitude, and his belief in the justice of Heaven. No polite author desirous to convey his ideas to the world, sets about doing it in such incomprehensible fashion. Conceits and fantasies do not illuminate, but obscure, the sense of every page. The conversation of the wits with whom the heroine consorts, is proclaimed as brilliant; but since the first duty of a wit is to be plain, and the speakers in these colloquies are seldom so, their talk is as like as not a cloak for the nakedness of fools. . . . Sir, an author may employ imagery, and yet be plain; he may write of sinners and at the same time give them their dues; he may pity, and he may pardon, but, in the interests of morality, he may not condone. Sir, in this monstrous record of unfeminine adventure such is not the case.

[E. H., Nightingale Lane, S.W.]

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Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 18 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

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Francis (Mrs C. D.), Short Instructions in the Faith.....	(S.P.C.K.)	0/6
Maitland (The late Rev. Brownlow), Family Prayers.....	" "	0/6
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POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

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Ramsay (Bernard Malcolm), London Lays and other Poems.....	(Stock)	3/6
Moore (T. Sturge), Absalom: A Chronicle Play in three Acts.....	(Unicorn Press) net	5/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Shuckburgh (E. S.), Augustus: Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire.....	(Unwin)	16/0
Shuckworth (E. S.), edited by, Two Biographies of William Bedell.....	(Cambridge University Press) net	10/0
Terry (Charles Sanford), The Life of the Young Pretender.....	(Methuen)	3/6
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Foster (J. J.), The Stuarts. 2 Vols.....	(Dickinson's)	21/0
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Burch (Cecil), Short Cuts and By-Ways in Arithmetic.....	(Blackie)	2/0
Owen (A. S.), edited by, The Crito of Plato.....	" "	2/6
Layne (A. E.), A Complete Short Course of Arithmetic.....	" "	1/6
Preston (A. W.), edited by, Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier.....	" "	0/8
Payen-Payne (De V.), edited by, Souvestre's Un Philosophe Sous les Toits.....	(Blackie)	0/4
Thonaille (A. F.), edited by, Voltaire's Selected Letters.....	" "	0/4
Phillips (C. J.), Quintus Curtius Rufus. Book VIII.....	(Macmillan)	1/0
May (T. H. Deibère), The Æneid of Virgil, literally rendered into English Blank Verse. 2 Vols.....	(Nutt)	5/0
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Beckett (Arthur A.), edited by, John Bull's Year Book for 1903 (John Bull Press)		1/0
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The "Life and Works of John Hoppner, R.A.," are to form the subject of an exhaustive monograph by Mr. William McKay and Mr. W. Roberts. This work, which has been in preparation for some time, is the first attempt to represent Hoppner and his work adequately, and it will contain a great deal of new material. It will be illustrated with about sixty large photogravure plates, and will be published jointly by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co. and George Bell and Sons.

Under the title of "Art Prices Current," Messrs. Bell announce a new publication designed to afford the same assistance to collectors of pictures and prints as "Book-Prices Current" has for many years past given to book collectors. The sub-title, "A Descriptive Survey of Sales by Auction of Paintings, Drawings and Prints," shows the aim and scope of the work, a special feature of which will be the copious notes following each entry, which will describe the works sold in such a way that they cannot be mistaken. The editor is Mr. J. H. Slater.

A popular edition of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week. This new edition will be in two volumes and will be issued in "The Reformer's Bookshelf."

Next week Mr. Fisher Unwin will bring out a small volume by Mr. Barry Pain, entitled "Little Entertainments." The book is a collection of short stories and sketches. The subjects of the sketches are varied, ranging from "Shakespeare's Ciphers" to "The Prohibited Pipe."

Mr. Edward Arnold announces the publication of a book by Major H. H. Austin, entitled "With Macdonald in Uganda." It describes the expedition under Major (now Colonel) J. R. L. Macdonald, which was confronted with, and successfully overcame, the mutiny on the part of the Sudanese troops.

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